



A HOME IN THE SOUTH,

OR

TWO YEARS AT UNCLE WARREN'S.

BY A LADY.

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ALL
THE
VOLUME
OF
THE
YEAR

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CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

PAGE.

The Orphans.....	9
------------------	---

CHAPTER II.

Going South.....	16
------------------	----

CHAPTER III.

The Acquaintances.....	24
------------------------	----

CHAPTER IV.

Children's Reasonings.....	32
----------------------------	----

CHAPTER V.

First Impressions.....	41
------------------------	----

CHAPTER VI.

Katy's Temptations.....	47
-------------------------	----

CHAPTER VII.

Aunt Milly.....	55
-----------------	----

CHAPTER VIII.	PAGE.
A Visit to the City.....	66

CHAPTER IX.	
The Christmas Party.....	72

CHAPTER X.	
Death the Liberator.....	54

CHAPTER XI.	
The Sabbath School.....	91

CHAPTER XII.	
A New Friend.....	98

CHAPTER XIII.	
Miss Ray's Story continued.....	115

CHAPTER XIV.	
Freedom to the Captive.....	124

PREFACE.

THE design of this little work has been to exhibit, in terms suited to the comprehension of juvenile readers, the *exceeding sinfulness* of slaveholding; and this, not merely by harrowing details of wrong and suffering, which may only excite passing sympathy, but also by leading them to reason and reflect upon the influences which make men slaveholders, and its enervating and brutalizing effects upon the society where it exists. The writer believes, that in order to rear up a generation of firm and unflinching Christian anti-slavery men and women, they must be taught to reason intelligently, as well as to feel keenly.

Many of the incidents are strictly true, although not occurring in the order described.

The death of the slave-girl in cold and darkness, while a children's ball was in progress above stairs, is an unvarnished fact; as is also the almost heathenish ignorance of the family in which she was a slave.

If by this little work, any child in our land is led to "remember those who are in bonds as bound with them," and to desire earnestly to do something for the removal from our borders, and from the world, of this unhallowed institution, the object for which it was written will have been fully answered.

September, 1856.

A HOME IN THE SOUTH;

OR,

TWO YEARS AT UNCLE WARREN'S.

CHAPTER I.

THE ORPHANS.

Two little girls stood hand in hand at the door of a pleasant village church in New England. It was at the close of afternoon service, and most of the congregation were on their way homeward; but these two children lingered, often casting wistful glances toward the churchyard. Dear little Grace and Katy Warren! no wonder their eyes filled with tears, for just three weeks ago, the body of their beloved father was laid at rest in that churchyard, and only last Sabbath they had seen the green turf parted, that the form of their gentle mother might be buried by his side. Father and mother had died within two weeks of each other, committing their three little ones to Him

in whom they had trusted, the Almighty Father and Friend who has said, "Leave to me thy fatherless children!"

Lonely orphans, therefore, were Grace, Katy, and Charley Warren; but kind friends were not wanting to comfort them, and to provide for their wants. Good Mrs. Blake, the merchant's wife, insisted that they must go home with her, because "she had a big house, and there would be plenty of room for them without crowding any body;" while farmer Lane's wife declared that "with a house and two barns overflowing with plenty of provisions, *and more growing*, it was a pity if *she* couldn't give the poor things a home, when there were no relatives to take them." Mrs. Dr. Phelps in the meantime insisted "that her house was the most proper place for the orphans, as little Charley had frequent attacks of croup, and Grace was a delicate child, and needed watching, that she might not follow her mother, whom she strongly resembled both in person and constitution." Finally, however, the clergyman's family carried the day, for the departed parents had been their intimate and valued friends, and the little orphans were lambs of their own flock. At the

parsonage, therefore, they had a present home, and most tenderly were they watched and cared for.

Grace was a gentle, thoughtful, and rather quiet child, now about thirteen years of age. Katy, who was three years younger, possessed more vivacity of spirit than her sister, and a disposition equally affectionate. Her temper, however, was more variable, and she was a little too fond of dress and show. Grace loved the law of God, and tried to obey it with her whole heart. Katy "wanted to be good," but was not quite willing to give up *self*. In this she was like many other children, who seem to think that the command, "Deny thyself, take up the cross and follow me," is only given to *grown people*; whereas it is intended for all who are old enough to understand its meaning.

Little Charley, who was five years old, had been blind from his second year. He had a very dim recollection of the sky, the trees, the beautiful flowers, and the faces of those who watched over him in infancy; but even these dim memories were growing faint, as the child's health failed, and his mother felt, when she laid her hand on his soft curls for the last time,

that it would not be long before those darkened eyes would uncloze in heaven. He was a bright, loving-hearted little fellow, and his pale face expressed every emotion of pleasure or sadness, almost as plainly as if the "windows of the soul" had not been shadowed.

Mr. Warren had a brother residing in one of the Southern States, to whom the orphans were to be sent as soon as a good opportunity could be obtained. Mrs. Warren, whose disease had been a lingering one, was able before she died, to converse with her children upon their change of home.

"You will see many negro slaves there, my dears," said she, "poor, degraded, half-brutalized creatures, perhaps,—but oh! never forget that Christ died for them, and that the soul of the meanest among them is as precious in His sight as is yours. For His sake bear patiently with their faults, and try to do them all the good you can."

Grace and Katy, with many tears, promised to remember her words, and often, very often, in after years, did they recall them. But we left these little girls standing on the church steps, and to them we now return.

"Sister," said Katy, "let us go to the graves once more."

"Why do you say *once more*?" returned Grace, "I hope we shall go many times where our dear parents lie."

"But, Grace, didn't you see a man give Mr. Townsend a letter, just as he was passing out? I heard him say he took it from the Office late last night, and then they both looked at us. It is from Uncle Warren, I dare say, and who knows but we may be sent for to go very soon, perhaps before another sabbath?"

Grace made no answer; and by this time they stood by the newly-made graves. Weeping bitterly, they laid their heads upon the green sod, and spoke to each other of the dear parents whose mortal remains they were soon to leave.

"Oh! if I had never pained them by unkindness and naughty actions," said Grace; "if I had always obeyed them without waiting or complaining, how pleasant it would be to remember. But I have grieved them many times—my dear kind father and mother!"

"Not half as often as I have," answered Katy, wiping a new gush of tears from her

eyes. "I was always the naughtiest, but I *never will forget* what they taught me, and I will try to be a Christian. I wish it were always as easy to be good as it is here by their graves. It seems now as if nothing could tempt me to do what they would not approve; but I am so forgetful—I'm afraid if we go away I shall be just as bad as ever."

"Not if we are truly Christians," Grace replied; "for they have God always in their hearts. If we really love Him, and are anxious to do His will, He will help us most when we need it most; so that it need not trouble us where we are, or what our circumstances are. You know Mr. Townsend said to-day, if God is on our side, no man can be against us."

"But my *heart* is so wicked," urged Katy; "it comes so natural to me to be impatient and selfish, and proud!"

"You know what mamma's rule was, sister, and what she directed us to do when we are tempted to sin: Look up, up to the blue heaven, and pray. You know she used to say, 'Do not keep your eyes fixed on the temptation and pray; but *look up* and call fervently upon God, and He will hear.'"

Then they spoke of their little brother, and the duty that now devolved upon them, of watching and protecting him ; and after offering each a simple prayer for Heavenly strength and guidance, they returned with more cheerful hearts and faces to the house of the good clergyman, who with Charley in his arms, had come out to the gate in search of them.



CHAPTER II.

GOING SOUTH.

“HERE is a letter which concerns you, little folks,” said Mr. Townsend, after tea was over, and the children sat upon a bench in the cool piazza; Charley, as usual, between his sisters, listening silently to the birds that sang in the cherry trees near by. In his lap lay a large bouquet of flowers, which a little girl had given him at sabbath school, and which seemed to give him the greatest pleasure; for the child’s misfortune had made him exceedingly sensitive to every thing beautiful, of which he could gain an idea through the other senses.

Mr. Townsend paused a moment to contemplate the pleasant picture which the three young orphans presented, and then repeated his remark.

“A letter from Uncle Warren?” inquired Grace.

“No; from a Mr. Burnett of Boston, who is going to New Orleans this week, and is

willing to take you under his charge. He was an old friend of your father and uncle; and I have reason to believe will take excellent care of you and the girl we have procured to take charge of Charley."

"Is Esther Martin going with us, to be our nurse?" asked Katy.

"She told me to-day that she had decided to go with you, though I believe it is her attachment to Charley, more than any other thing, which induces her; and I fear she will not find the change in her situation at all favorable to her happiness."

"We will do all we can," said Grace, "to make her contented. She is very good to go with us, when she could earn as much and remain at the North. And mamma thought so much of Esther too! I am so glad she is going."

"When will Mr. Burnett start?" inquired Katy.

"Next Wednesday. That is rather sooner than we expected; but of course it would not be best to lose such a good opportunity to ship you," answered the clergyman, smiling. "Can you manage to get them ready by that time, Mrs. Townsend?"

“O yes; sooner if necessary, for nearly all the ladies in the village are coming to sew for them to-morrow.”

“It is all settled then, I suppose. We shall be very lonely without you, dear children; but Grace will write us a long letter occasionally. Now let us go in, for as this is the last sabbath we shall have together, I want to talk with you all a little, and perhaps give you some advice.”

We cannot stop to repeat all that the good minister and his wife said to these little children about to find a distant home among strangers, for neither of them had ever seen the uncle and aunt to whose care they were to be confided.

After tenderly impressing upon their minds the danger that new associations might cause them to forget the instructions of their pious parents, Mr. Townsend gave them much kind advice, which the orphans listened to earnestly and tearfully. He urged them never to neglect the reading of the Scriptures and daily secret prayer, and bade them watch diligently lest a life of luxury and ease should destroy the germ of Christian graces in their hearts. To Grace he spoke with particular earnestness, for he had observed her love of God's house and its ordi-

nances, her sweetness of temper and humility, and could not resist the hope that she had already chosen the better part." Then, after fervently committing them to the protection of Heaven, Mrs. Townsend took them to their beds, where they were soon dreaming of Mr. Burnett, of the sea voyage, and the new "Home in the South."

Wednesday morning arrived, and with it the good merchant who was to be their traveling protector as far as Charleston. They were going by sea, and as Esther, the maid who was to accompany them, said she was always "deathly sick" on the water, the prospect of Mr. Burnett's company and assistance was very gratifying to them.

The children cried a little at leaving their old home and friends, and the quiet graves in the church-yard; but the novelty of all they saw soon diverted their attention from the things they were leaving. They had never before been on board a vessel; and for several hours their eagerness to explore the wonderful object that "walked the waters like a thing of life," kept them on their feet, running hither and thither, up stairs and down, followed closely

by good Mr. Burnett, who was amused by their curiosity, and sometimes not a little puzzled by their questions.

“Isn’t it splendid, Grace?” cried Katy again and again. This large room is called the saloon; look how beautifully it is painted. And we are all to sleep on shelves, it seems; that’s funny enough. I hope we shan’t roll off. And look at these crimson curtains, and that mirror! Look in it, Grace! Don’t it seem as if we were a mile off?”

“It’s very grand,” said Grace; “but I like to look at the machinery best. I always wanted to see a steam-engine, though I don’t understand it now very well. Oh! if Charlie could only see, how delighted he would be.”

But Charley was very contented, sitting on the velvet cushions, with his lap full of nice fruit, which a lady on the boat had given him, and by his side a cage of beautiful canaries, Mrs. Townsend’s parting gift to the little blind boy. The weather was fine, and none of the party in the least sea-sick, except Esther: she, poor girl, had not been mistaken in her prediction, but was obliged to lie still in her berth, or “*shelf*,” most of the time; and Grace

waited upon and took care of her as well as she could.

Of course, the children were often left to themselves, and rambled about on deck, sometimes talking with other children, who seeing them dressed in deep mourning, were anxious to know what friend they had lost, and where they were going.

One day, as they were all sitting on the floor of the deck, Katy holding her brother's curly head in her lap, and Grace reading to them from the Testament, a little boy, very gaily dressed, and looking quite smiling and satisfied, passed by, and stopped to speak with them. Grace paused in her reading, and they both looked up.

"Where is your company, little folks?" he asked; "you are not traveling alone, are you?"

"No," answered Grace, "our company is below."

"Who is it?" again inquired the boy.

"Our nurse Esther, and Mr. Burnett, the gentleman who takes care of us, and sees to our baggage," replied Katy, more bold than her sister.

"Oh, you have a nurse then?"

"Yes; but she is sick in her berth. Have you a nurse?"

"Certainly—there she is," was the boy's answer, pointing with his cane.

Grace and Katy looked, and saw no one except a fat colored woman, dressed in a red and blue cotton gown, with a green handkerchief upon her head, fanning herself industriously with a large fan of peacock's feathers. Katy could not keep from laughing.

"Is that your nurse?" she asked. "Ours is white; "I think it would seem very odd to have a black woman dress me."

"Odd!" answered the boy, laughing a little scornfully; "I fancy you are not from New Orleans. That's where I live; and every body has black nurses and servants there, I tell you."

Then the little gentleman walked away, twirling his cane.

"I am afraid," said Grace, when he was out of hearing, "that if all Southern children are like him, we shall not find them very pleasant playmates."

"No," returned Kate, "I am sure he is

proud ; and I don't think such a small boy looks well carrying a cane. But isn't he beautifully dressed? I wonder if Uncle Warren will think our clothes are good enough to wear at his house."

Katy was already beginning to be dissatisfied with her plain dress. Well had the mother prayed "Lead them not into temptation, but deliver them from evil."

CHAPTER III.

NEW ACQUAINTANCES.

PRESENTLY the boy, whose name they had learned was Philip Bainton, came toward them again; and this time he had a little girl a year or two younger than himself leaning on his arm, and a covered basket in his hand.

"This is my sister Nina," said he; "now will you tell us your names? Nice names are'nt they, sis?" he added, when they had heard them, "and I think you are very nice girls, too. Only black is such a dismal color to dress in. Have you lost your father or your mother?"

"We have lost both," answered Grace, looking down to hide the tears that gathered in her eyes.

"Both! Oh how sad;" exclaimed the young strangers at once. "No wonder you cry. And this little boy is your brother. Why don't he talk to us as you do?"

"I'm blind;" spoke up little Charley, who

had been listening. "I don't see you at all. I hav'nt seen any thing for a long while; not even the sun." Philip and Nina looked at each other in astonishment, and Nina said there was a doctor in New Orleans who would cure him.

"No," replied Grace, "Papa took him to the best oculist in New York, and he pronounced him incurable."

"Well, he's a dear little fellow," said Nina, "and his hair curls precisely like my baby brother's at home. Do you go to New Orleans?"

"No; to Charleston."

"We did intend to stop in Charleston; that is, papa had business there, but we coaxed him not to stop. Didn't we sis?" said Philip.

"But why did you not wish to go there?" asked both the sisters.

"Oh, for several reasons. One was that we are getting a little home-sick, for we have been staying six weeks at our grandmother's in Maine. Another is that mammy takes on so for her little Pete, that we want her to get home to him as soon as ever she can."

“What did you call her?” inquired Katy.

“Her name is Luce, but we call her mammy. Where is she, I wonder? Oh, there she is; gone to sleep with the sun shining square in her face. She likes the sun, I tell you. All the negroes do.”

“And has she a baby?” asked Grace, in surprise.

“To be sure she has; and it’s as fat, and shiny, and cunning as you can think. It was just beginning to walk when she left it, and she has been in mortal fear lest it should fall down and break its precious pug nose, or meet with some other accident in her absence.”

“Poor woman! It’s not at all strange she should feel troubled about it;” said Katy, “but isn’t its father there to take care of it?”

“No; his father is not our hand; another man owns him, who lives out of the city, ever so far, on a plantation. But his master lets him come to see mammy and Pete sometimes, and then they have fine fun, I assure you. It would make you laugh to see little Pete jump up and down, and clap his hands, and crow *so funny!*”

“Just as your little brother will, when *your*

papa gets home, I suppose," said Grace; "but it seems very hard to have his mother gone so long. Why didn't she take it with her?"

"Oh, that wouldn't do at all!" answered Nina, looking very much astonished: "Mamma wouldn't have thought of it for a moment. Of course mammy couldn't take care of us, if she had her own to look after."

"I know; but it does seem, after all, as if her own had the first and strongest claim upon her;" returned Grace, thoughtfully.

"My! that's an extraordinary idea," cried Philip, with an air of great importance: "I should imagine that after my father had paid nine hundred and fifty dollars for her, *he* had the best right to her services. Wouldn't you think so?"

"Well, I'm not sure that I should," Grace answered, still looking thoughtful and troubled; "one thing I can't help believing; and that is, that if God gave her a baby, He meant her to take care of it first of all; and I guess if He had intended any body should buy her and compel her to leave it, He would have made her so that she wouldn't cry for it, or at any rate, so that she would forget it very quick,

as our Bossy did her calf, when papa sold her away from it."

Innocent little Grace was quite unconscious that, in her childish wisdom, she had stumbled upon the great truths that, when finally recognized, must break the chains of every bondman—the humanity of the slave—the common rights of man—the universal brotherhood of all nations, and kindred, and tongues!

But Philip Bainton did not at all comprehend what was passing in the mind of his new acquaintance, so he only laughed and said: "What a queer little genius you are! and how often you say 'guess.' Just like all the Yankees."

"But see what I have in this basket," added he, taking off the cover, and distributing generously among the children, oranges, pine apples, and confectionaries. "We have some nice grapes too, in a box. You shall taste them after dinner. Now eat all you can, little curly-headed boy." And the delicious fruit rapidly disappeared.

"Papa has a telescope," said Philip presently; "or a *spy-glass*, as he calls it. Did you ever see one?"

Both the girls assured him they had not.

"Then I am going to find him, and ask him to let black Sam, the captain's man, tote it up here, and we will sit in the shade and look out for vessels."

"I should think," said Grace, laughing, "that '*guess*,' is as good a word as '*tote*' in any country."

Kate and Nina were much amused at this, and Philip shook his cane good humoredly at them as he ran away. Pretty soon he returned with a negro man, who bore a singular looking case, and setting it down, proceeded to draw from it an equally strange looking instrument. This was the "spy-glass;" and for half an hour or more, the children amused themselves with watching for distant vessels, as the air was very clear. By and by the sun crept in beneath the awning under which they sat, and made them uncomfortably warm.

"Here, mammy, come and hold the umbrella over us," called Philip to the colored woman who had just roused from her nap. "Make haste, can't you! I want to get another glimpse of that schooner off to windward." Philip

was quite sure he could use nautical expressions with perfect correctness.

"Let me hold the umbrella;" said Grace.

"No; I want you to steady the glass a moment, until I get it rightly adjusted, and then you must take a peep. Hold the umbrella higher," he added, turning angrily toward the old nurse, who, not more than half awake, seemed trying to do the best she could. "Higher still, I say, and a little to the left, you stupid old monkey! The sun strikes the glass and dazzles my eyes."

But Mammy did not quite understand, and being confused besides at her master's anger, turned the umbrella in a wrong direction. Flinging down the glass, the passionate boy turned toward her, and gave her several rapid blows with his fists.

"Now, see if you provoke me so next time," he cried, while his handsome face was crimson and distorted with anger. Nina cried, "Hush brother!" and the terrified sisters pleaded "don't strike her!" until he really looked ashamed.

"Oh, it's too warm! let's put it by till to-morrow morning;" and the girls readily agreed,

for just then Mr. Burnett came to see what had become of his young runaways, as he called them; and to say that Esther was better, and was anxious lest something had happened to her charge.

“We must go and find her,” said Katy, “and tell her of our new acquaintances. But where is Charley, sister?”

“Here,” answered Mr. Burnett, pointing to the little fellow asleep in a shaded place. When his sisters left him, he heard the Testament they had been reading fall to the floor, and creeping around cautiously, he felt for it, secured it, and lay down to wait for them. And there he lay still, sleeping sweetly with his head upon one hand, and the breeze blowing his curls about his white forehead, and the precious book clasped to his bosom.

“It was not right to leave him so long,” said Grace. Mr. Burnett took him up without waking, and carrying him to the cabin, laid him in his own berth, while Esther, much relieved in mind, washed and combed the little girls for dinner.

CHAPTER IV.

CHILDREN'S REASONING.

AFTER dinner was over, and Grace and Katy had lain down to rest as Esther advised them, lest too much exercise in the heat of the day should exhaust their strength, they commenced talking of their new friends.

"They're very nice children, after all," said Katy; "how much better I liked Philip at last than at first."

"At last!" exclaimed her sister; "I'm sure I didn't like him at all at last. I was frightened to see him so angry!"

"So was I. But I didn't mean that; I meant when he was so sociable, and gave us the fruit. That was polite and generous, I am sure. And you remember he and his sister had persuaded their father to go home as soon as possible on Mammy's account; certainly that was kind."

"I know it seems so," answered Grace; "but when he came to scold and strike her, I was puzzled enough. He must have a dreadful

temper to strike a grown woman—his nurse too—and for almost nothing!”

“It’s very strange,” said Katy; “I wonder what Esther would do if we were to abuse her in that manner.”

Grace was silent a few moments, and then she replied: “I’ll tell you, Katy, what I’ve been thinking about it. I believe he treats her so because he knows he *can* do it, and she has no remedy. You know they own her, and it is very different from *hiring* her. If we were to treat Esther so, she could leave us directly, and go to another place; but slaves can not do that.”

“I know,” returned Katy; “and don’t you remember when Esther came to our house, she had been living at Captain Doty’s, where the children were so unkind to her that she would not stay? They would strike her, and play all sorts of tricks upon her, so she left them and came to our house.”

“Yes; and I remember how pleasantly mamma smiled at us and said, ‘Well Esther, it is a free country, and you did perfectly right to leave; and if my children conduct in the same way, you are welcome to look out for

another place.' Now if we knew that Esther was bound to us *and could not* help herself, it is very likely we should let our tempers run away with us whenever she displeased us, just as Philip did. I am glad we hav'nt any slaves, for it seems hard enough sometimes to be pleasant and good, without any new temptation to be sinful and cross. I am sure that both Philip and Nina are naturally kind-hearted, but they're not obliged to check their passionate tempers, and so *they don't do it.*"

Here again little Grace was far from suspecting that she was touching upon a great and vital question—the tendency of irresponsible power to corrupt the moral nature. She had never heard in argument that "the temptation to abuse authority is vastly increased when the person in authority is accountable to no human tribunal for the exercise of his power;" but her eager and thoughtful mind was beginning to comprehend the truth upon which the argument is based. Presently she went on.

"Really, Katy, I can not see that slaveholders make much, if any difference, between their cattle and their slaves. Slaves can have

their children sold from them without their leave, and there is no help for it. And they may be beaten and abused even by an angry child, and must not run off or complain. It's horrible that human beings are made brutes of in our country, just because God made them with a black skin."

"It's a fact," returned Katy. "I never want to hear it called 'home of the free,' and 'land of liberty,' again. But we can't *do* any thing for them, can we?"

"I dont see that we can," Grace answered slowly, "except to be as kind to them as possible. Yes, there is one thing; we can pray for them."

I hope all who read this book will remember, that if they can do nothing else for the slave they can at least "pray for them."

* * * * *

We pass over much that happened to our young friends during their voyage; the curious sea-animals that they saw; the beautiful birds that fluttered about the vessel; the storm that rose on the third day, and which made even the sturdy captain gaze at the clouds with a

very uneasy air; the details of all these things we must omit, and proceed to land our boat's company at their destined harbor.

On the morning of the day they were to land, the sisters were very busy re-packing such articles as had been taken from their trunks, and arranging their dress to go on shore. Little Charley was talking to his canaries, telling them they would soon be on land, where they should have green boughs and fresh flowers about their cages, and plenty of fruit to eat.

The shores of South Carolina looked very sunny and beautiful, as the vessel came near, and many went forward to get a better view. Grace and Katy found themselves by the side of the young Baintons, who eagerly described to them the beauties of the land upon which they were soon to set foot for the first time.

"You'll never wish to return to the North again, little Yankee folks," said master Philip, resting the point of his cane on the toe of his boot, as he had seen older and sillier people do; "you will be delighted with our climate, and our glorious trees and flowers. I suppose you never saw a China tree, did you?"

"No," answered the girls.

“Nor a magnolia, nor a cabbage palm, nor a catalpa, nor oranges and lemons growing?”

“No; none of them.”

“Oh, they’re beautiful,” said Nina, “and the Mississippi river! But you can’t see that at Charleston; you must come to New Orleans and see it from our villa. But we are only there in winter. In the summer we live at the plantation, upon Bayou Sara.”

“What is a bayou?” asked Kate.

“It is a stream of water smaller than a river, and runs slower,” replied Philip; “but did you never see a bayou, nor a pine forest, nor a cotton field? And you never ate sweet potatoes but two or three times, you say, in your lives?”

“No.”

“Nor okra soup?” continued Nina.

“Nor crocodile steak?” said Philip.

“Oh! they never eat *that*, I know, Master Phil,” replied Grace; “be careful, or I shan’t believe any thing you say.”

But now the boat came to the wharf, and our little friends parted with their companions, with many promises of remembrance.

“Try to be kind to mammy, Philip,” whis-

pered Grace in his ear; "please don't get angry with her for little things, and strike her because she is black. God sees the soul, you know, and perhaps hers is as white as yours or mine. Good bye."

"Good bye," said Philip in return, "I like you if you *are* odd, and I mean to remember what you say." And often afterward, when he felt his anger rising at some mistake or misconduct of the servants, the words of the little stranger on the boat would come to his mind, and he would make a resolute effort to restrain his passion; for Philip was only impulsive, not cruel.

In a few moments, the girls, with their brother, Mr. Burnett, and Esther, were put in a carriage and driven to a hotel. Here they sat at the window, watching the people pass, and wondering if all the blacks they saw lived in the city, or if there were not a convention of blacks assembled from all parts of the world.

While they sat and chatted, describing all they saw to blind Charley, a carriage drove to the house, and the colored coachman alighting, opened the door. An elderly gentleman

stepped from it, and gave orders that the horses should be well cared for; then he came up the stairs; and entered the room where they sat. Mr. Burnett started up and said, "Mr. Warren, I believe."

Little Charley's face flushed and then grew pale at the sound of the name; but Grace and Katy stood up and smiled, for they knew it was their uncle, their father's only brother, who stood before them.

"These are my little nieces, I suppose," said he, and shook their hands and kissed them cordially, telling Kate how strongly she resembled her father. "This is our blind brother Charley," said she, seeing her uncle glance at the little fellow, who had crept to the corner of the sofa; "he is very like papa, too."

Mr. Warren lifted him in his arms, parted his curling hair, and kissed his high white forehead. As he did so, the girls were sure that they saw the tears come to his eyes, and from that moment they felt that they should love their uncle.

"I wonder if you look like papa," said Charley, feeling his uncle's face with his

hands. "Your voice is like his, and I like to hear you talk."

"Well you will have plenty of opportunities, for you are going to be my little boy and live with me always. Fine times we shall all have together. But come now and get some refreshments, and then we will go. We shall hardly reach my place before dark."

The children were in high spirits ; but their countenances fell a little when they took leave of Mr. Burnett, who had been so kind and faithful in his care of them. They pressed his hand warmly, and gave him many affectionate messages to their friends in New England, which he readily promised to deliver on his return. And now their uncle called them to "scramble in," for the coach was ready to start; and in a few minutes they were on their way with Esther to the home of their adoption.

CHAPTER V.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

It was nearly dark when our travelers reached Mr. Warren's pleasant house, situated on a fine knoll near the center of his small, but fertile plantation. A troop of black servants came out to meet them, and Mrs. Warren's voice was heard upon the piazza welcoming them affectionately. Grace wondered to see her aunt in full dress, for she thought in that retired place she could see little company; but she did not know that ladies who have little or nothing to do, are very apt to give their thoughts to dress, for the sake of that excitement which should be supplied by some useful occupation.

Mrs. Warren kissed the children, and gave them their suppers, holding Charley on her lap, and soon after, knowing they must be fatigued by their journey, herself conducted them to bed. They were glad to see that a large double room was assigned them, for they disliked to be separated from their brother;

and were pleased also to find that a nice cot was made up in one corner for Esther's accommodation.

While they were undressing, Mrs. Warren recollected that their parents had no doubt taught them to pray before they slept, so seeing that Grace waited, she asked if she would like to be left alone that she might say her prayers.

"We always said them to mamma," Grace answered, "and she prayed with us. After her death, Mrs. Townsend heard us say them." It required a good deal of courage for Grace to make this explanation, for she rather feared her gaily-dressed and fashionable aunt, and doubted her approval of the request implied in her words. But Mrs. Warren recalled the time when she too knelt at a mother's knee, to implore Heavenly blessings, now alas! so seldom asked, and so seldom acknowledged. Before her marriage she had made a profession of religion, and enjoyed for a season the love of Christ in her heart. But since her marriage, surrounded only by worldly people, her serious impressions had been nearly effaced, and though she often mourned for the peace that she once

knew, her good resolutions were not sufficiently strong to induce her to change her mode of life. So, for many years she had floated on carelessly, knowing her danger, yet indifferent to it, wishing for better things, yet incapable of bringing them to pass.

Now, however, the words of the child caused new emotions of regret in her heart, and sitting down by the bed, she said, "Well, dears, since I am to take the place of mother to you, I shall be glad to have you do as you were accustomed when she was living. Kneel down, if you wish, and let me hear your prayers."

The children gladly complied; and then kissing them tenderly, their aunt left them to their slumbers; and never was sleep more sweet and profound than visited their eyes that first night at Uncle Warren's.

And now our little adventurers' plantation life was fairly commenced. In a few days they were quite familiar with the house and grounds, and were never weary of expressing their wonder and admiration at the many strange and

beautiful things they saw. The slope in front and on two sides of the house was terraced, and covered with rare shrubs and flowers. At the foot of the slope were two rows of magnificent trees, with a carriage drive between, extending around the house; and numerous arbors scattered about the grounds, invited our little "wanderers from a cooler clime," to rest amid their fragrant shadows. But what surprised them most, was the negro quarters.

"Why it's just like a little village," said Katy, when she first came in sight of them.

A group of whitewashed log cabins, about a quarter of a mile from the house, was called the "quarters," and here all the field hands had their homes. Most of these cabins had small gardens attached, and a few looked very prettily with roses trained over the door. Inside they were generally neat and comfortable, for Mr. Warren took a great deal of pride in having it remarked by neighbors and strangers, how well his servants were lodged and fed, and, what fine, fat, sleek-looking hands they were. I have no doubt, dear children, that you have all heard of farmers and others who took the same kind of pride in having fine cattle, sheep

and horses. In either case it can not rightly be attributed to benevolence, since it is probable that if no praise or other benefit were to be gained by it, the master's anxiety to be distinguished in this way would cease. *True* benevolence includes *justice* first, then kindness.

Mr. Warren owned slaves because he did not know how he could do without them. If he had been a christian, his first question would have been, "Is it *right* to keep them? Shall I best serve God and promote his glory by remaining a slaveholder?" But Mr. Warren was not a christian; and as a matter of course, *self* was the first object of his regard, and *self-interest* the first interest he consulted. His conscience sometimes troubled him, but he quieted it by thinking of the large amount of money he should lose if he gave them up, and flattered himself that duty could not demand such a sacrifice. He did not often defend Slavery in words, but all the while entertained the pleasing idea that the relation itself was not sinful, provided the master did not abuse the slave.

He aimed to be a kind master, and as we have said, did not starve or overwork the slaves,

but he expected instant and unquestioning submission to his commands ; and if it was not rendered, he was apt to fly into a passion, and sometimes revenged himself on the negro by undeserved and cruel blows. A slight misunderstanding of his orders, or a slight mistake in executing them, would often provoke him to most unreasonable anger, yet he was not naturally more impatient or more passionate than other men ; and had his life been surrounded by the restraints that surround men in the Free States, it is probable that he would not have so permitted his fierce temper to get the advantage of his better nature. Oh ! it is a fearful thing to be the owner of bodies and souls for which Christ died ; souls which will live when the sun and moon have passed away. Think of it, dear children, and then go labor and pray for the slaveholder and the slave.

CHAPTER VI.

KATY'S TEMPTATIONS.

GRACE was not altogether happy in her new home, though every one seemed fond of her, and her uncle petted her almost as much as he did Kate and Charlie, who were "so much like their father." Her aunt did not encourage her to talk freely upon religious subjects, and she missed the pleasant sabbath evening conversations, the hymns sung at twilight, the family reading of God's Word, and the daily kneeling before the Throne of Grace, which had made her own home such a sacred and hallowed spot. She feared that she would forget some of the teachings of her departed parents; that Katy would forget, for she was young and easily influenced. She had no fears for little Charlie, who seemed constantly drawing nearer and nearer to his Heavenly home; and many hours of pleasant converse they had together upon matters which seemed of little interest to those around them.

One thing Grace hoped and prayed for, perhaps more than any thing else, and this

was that her uncle might be led to see the wrong and wickedness of holding slaves; for in her heart she believed that the simple act of enslaving the negroes, the robbing them of their *right to themselves*, was the greatest wrong that could be put upon them. She was too humble-minded to suppose that she could in any way influence him, but she determined not to disguise her opinions on the subject when it was proper to express them, and she had that other unfailing resort in all her difficulties, *prayer*. And this good little girl, as might be expected, was dearly loved, not only by the white portion of the family where she lived, but by the slaves. She was always kind and considerate of their comfort, and did not call upon them for trifling services which she could just as well perform herself. Esther had, by Mrs. Warren's request, taken the place of seamstress to the little girls, which occupation, with the care of Charlie and Katie, consumed the most of her time. Grace was strongly urged by her aunt to make a selection from the maids about the house, for her personal attendant; but she thanked her and refused, saying with a smile, that she preferred to wait upon herself; "for you know,

aunt," she said, "that if I return to New England, and cannot make my bed and comb my hair as I could do when I left it, the people there will say you have spoiled me!"

I am sorry to confess that Katy did not quite share her sister's dislike of slavery, and willingness to take care of herself rather than trouble another person. Not that she would not have been horrified at the thought of herself *owning* a slave, but she liked to be waited upon, and to give orders which no one should venture to disapprove, as Esther sometimes did!

"I declare, Grace," she said one day, as her sister ran out upon the piazza for a book which had blown from the window: "I declare I am tired of seeing you buzzing about in-doors and out, so very busy this warm afternoon. Why couldn't you call Nanny to do that?"

"Because I could do it just as well myself, and moreover it was my own book, and through my own carelessness that it fell out of the window. Why shouldn't I do it?"

"But Nanny is kept to do such things; and as we are in the family, I see no harm in letting her wait upon us."

"She is *kept* to do such things, but not *paid* for it, Katy."

"Well, we are not to blame for that, are we?"

"No; but if we are glad to save ourselves labor, by making labor for others whom we have no claim upon, and who are never paid for it, I don't see why we are not slaveholders *in heart* at least," said Grace.

Katy could not answer this reasoning of her clear-headed and right-feeling sister, so she threw herself on the sofa and said, yawning, "Well, *after all*, I cannot help wishing sometimes that it was not wrong to have slaves. I believe this climate makes people lazy. I am sure Aunt Warren is so, for only yesterday she called Nanny across the room to drop the curtain, when she was lying as near it as I am now."

"I do not think her lazy, but she has been so long accustomed to being waited upon, that she is almost as helpless as if her hands were tied. I fancy it is not the climate which is to blame, so much as the habit of having nothing to do. But it is not right for us to make remarks upon it. Let us be careful that *we* do not grow indolent."

Katy knew that her sister was right, and really struggled against the temptation to be idle; but this was not all she had to strive against. We have said that she liked to command, and as the servants were told to do whatever she required, she soon began to feel, though scarcely aware of the fact herself, as if Esther, too, had no right to a will of her own.

"Why can't you ever do any thing as I want it done?" she angrily exclaimed one morning, coming into the room where Esther was sewing. "I told you to make four tucks instead of three in this large skirt, and to put the bows on the left side; and you have got them on the right."

"I did it as your aunt directed," answered Esther, quietly.

"Now don't tell me that!" the child replied, raising her voice still higher. "Aunt said it should be made as I liked, and I chose to have the bows changed, and another tuck in the skirt. Now do it as quickly as possible."

"Katy! Katy! *why sister!*" cried Grace, coming in at that moment, and overhearing the naughty speech. Then stopping, she

leaned her head against the wall, and burst into tears, the bitterest tears she had shed since her parents died. Katy, meanwhile, ashamed and sorry for her fault, yet too proud to make acknowledgment, walked out of the room, and into the garden.

“Don’t cry so, Grace, dear child, said Esther, folding up the dress completed without the changes Katy had desired, “she meant no harm, only forgot herself a few minutes. It is natural enough, too, when she hears the servants ordered about as if they were dogs, that she should catch the same language. I wish we were all back in New England.”

It was not the first time that Esther had betrayed symptoms of home-sickness, and poor Grace, who usually bore up so well under trouble, was now quite overcome. But Esther hastened to assure her that nothing should tempt her to leave Charley while he lived, and begged her to forget Katy’s impertinence, as she would be very sorry herself when she came to reflect.

But Grace remembered Philip Bainton, and shuddered to think that Katy might even be tempted to strike that faithful nurse. After

a while, she found her walking in the garden with traces of tears on her face, and running to her, Grace put her arms about her neck, and kissed her. "Dear sister," she said, "do you remember our talk by the precious graves in the church-yard at Leeville—dear far-away Leeville? And do you remember mother's rule? I'm afraid you have forgotten to *look up*, Katy!"

"But it is just as I said, so hard to be good!" replied the penitent little girl, "and really Esther is sometimes provoking."

"She is not very well contented here, and no doubt has trials of her own that we know nothing about. If she is sometimes a little hasty, why should we not bear with her, when she has borne with us so many times?" answered Grace. "I know that she wishes herself at home in New England, and would return if it were not for Charley. It is no wonder either, for here she has no companions, and no one notices her, or speaks of her as any thing but an inferior being. Surely we ought to be kind to her."

After a little more conversation of this kind, and again pointing Katy to the Source

of all strength, Grace went to another part of the garden to find her brother, and Katy slowly returned to the house. She had fully determined to ask Esther's pardon, and though the wicked spirit of pride again rebelled a little, as the finished dress met her eye, she resolutely crushed it down, and in an humble and gentle manner asked to be forgiven for her passionate words. Of course all was soon right between them, and then Esther said, taking up the dress,

"Now we will go to Mrs. Warren, and if she thinks it best to have it altered after your plan, I will do it immediately."

Katy knew her aunt would approve any thing she wished, but after a moment's thought, she said: "No, Esther, I will keep it just as it is, and when I wear it, perhaps it will remind me to be careful of my temper." And in her evening prayer that night, Katy remembered her fault with tears of contrition, and made many good resolves for the future.

CHAPTER VII.

AUNT MILLY.

"COME, my little abolitionist, put on your bonnet, and go with Katy and me to the quarters," said uncle Warren one morning, patting the rosy cheek of his eldest niece. "I am going to carry this roll of sacking to Aunt Milly, for her to make up into bags."

Grace smiled, and followed him, not at all displeased with her new title.

Mr. Warren had just had all his negro cabins newly whitewashed, both externally and internally, and otherwise repaired and put in order for the winter. The consequence was, that with their shadowing trees, their little gardens and cornfields, they presented a very neat and tasteful appearance; and the proprietor gazed upon them with evident pride and satisfaction.

"How can you think, Grace," said he, as they walked along, that my people are not happier than they would be in any other situation? Here they have no care in providing for themselves, no anxiety about the future.

They are not abused; for if I find I have an overseer who is unreasonably severe, I discharge him at once. They can have their meetings on Sunday, and their holidays come about as often through the year as other people's. And wherein are they ill treated? They work for me, and I in return take care of them. Where is the wrong?"

"I think," answered Grace, "that the wrong is in their not owning themselves."

"Owning themselves! What good would it do them to own themselves, I wonder! They are not capable of taking care of themselves if they did."

But Grace happened to know several colored people in the North, who did own and take care of themselves, and do it very comfortably too. "Of course they couldn't learn," she said, "if they were not allowed to try."

"Well, really, I don't know," interposed Katy, "I think this is a very pretty sight indeed; and it seems to me if I were poor and compelled to work, I should like to live in such a little cottage as that, with the multiflora running over it, and have a kind master to take care of me."

“What! and not be allowed to learn to read or write;” said Grace, “and never to go a mile from home without a written pass? I fancy it would be rather a heavy yoke, Miss Katy, to say nothing of the possibility of being sold away from your poor sister Grace?” Katy looked a little abashed, and was obliged to own that she should not like to grow up ignorant of reading and writing.

“Slavery was made for black people, not white ones,” said uncle Warren, laughing at Katy’s embarrassment. “I think it is better for them than freedom; but if it is not, I see no way that we can live without them.”

Grace was shocked at this speech, and silently prayed that her uncle might yet be brought to see the truth. A thought was struggling in her mind, that she scarcely knew how to express, but at last she said, smilingly, “Now tell me, uncle, does it seem quite right that human beings—and I suppose you allow the negroes to be human—should be satisfied with merely having enough to eat and wear, and not being abused? Would you think so in your own case? Now to me it seems a bitter wrong that these little black children, playing about

so harmlessly, can never know the pleasure there is in *learning*—in ‘the acquisition of mental treasure,’ as our teacher used to say. All their happiness must consist in eating and drinking, singing and dancing, and such senseless play as the calves and colts enjoy. And to think that they *have* minds capable of being improved, yet they live and die without knowing it. Oh, uncle! I *cannot* help pitying them!”

“You are mistaken as to their happiness,” answered uncle Warren; “it is not altogether *animal*. The negroes are a very affectionate people, and their attachments to me and to each other afford them a great deal of satisfaction, as you will see when you come to know more of them.”

“I don’t doubt it, uncle; but that only seems to me to make their lot more melancholy, because they are liable to be sold and separated from each other. If they had not feelings like ours they could not suffer so much.”

“I see, Grace, you have the Yankee gift of argument.—You are very sincere, no doubt, and think us here in the South a set of barbarians without morals or religion; but I have

hopes that a few years' residence here will convert you. At any rate, you are welcome to speak your mind as freely as you please to your aunt and me. And now here we are at Aunt Milly's; *she* knows how to read; she had a mistress that taught her long before I purchased her. Your aunt has given her a whole shelf of books; I fancy they are no great use to her, but she is proud of them as if she had written them herself."

"How do you do, Aunt Milly," he continued, stepping in at the door where the old woman was plaiting a nice white cap-border? "These are my adopted daughters come to see you."

"Dopted darters, are they? 'Deed I's glad to see 'em. Set down, set down, misses; here's a fan for the darlin's."

Grace and Katy took the offered seats, and their uncle proceeded to explain to Aunt Milly the work he wished done, which she readily comprehended, and commenced with alacrity. Very soon he was called away by his overseer, and the little girls remained in the cabin, much pleased with the goodnatured chat of the old colored woman.

"Have you any children?" asked Grace,

seeing that she kept watch of three or four roguish little urchins playing outside the door.

“No, missy! I had three once, but one’s dead, and one’s sold, and one I give away like, to keep it from going as the rest did.”

“Gave it away!” exclaimed both the children.

“’Deed I did! and de Lord knows I’s thankful for it to this day. I’ll tell you, missy; I was fotched up in Virginny by a lady; a born lady as ever lived in this yer lower world; she loved me and I loved her, and she larnt me to read and to sew, and a great many other things that I’ve clean forgot. I can read a little yet, and thar’s a heap o’ books missis gave me; but I keeps ’em mostly for show, ’cept the Bible. The older I grows, and the nearer I gets through with this yer lower world, the more I’s sot on my Bible, that’s my guide to an everlastin’ home in heaven. But I was tellin’ you, when I was seventeen I lost my missis, for de Lord he took her. Then I was sold to a planter in Car’lina. He was an evil man, and his chil’en was evil after him. I married a good husband; and when mas’r died his two sons quarreled: one wanted me for his wife’s nurse,

and the other wanted George for his coachman. So they parted us, and poor George was took away hundreds of miles, and I never saw him ag'in." Poor Milly wiped her eyes, and went on: "I pined and grieved so much for my husband, that after awhile mas'r said he was sick on 't, and he 'd give me something to cry for, so he sold my little boy, the only child I had."

"Sold him!" cried Katy, "dear, dear!—Did'nt you cry worse then?"

"'Deed I did, missy, for I knew I'd nothin' more to love. But bime-by my mas'r came near losin' his life in a drinkin' spree, and was confined to his bed six months. After this he took a change, and was a better man. At last he left off drinkin' and swearin' and abusin' his wife and the servants. I got to feel more contented, and finally I had another husband and another little boy—the beautifulest image of the one that was gone. The handsomest and pertest baby he was! Oh, how I took pains to larn him nice little ways, and to dress him handsome as a prince; for missis was proud on him too, and liked to have me show him off.

"Well he grew to be ten year old, and I

had a little girl beside. About this time my second missis died, and I was grievin' agin, for mas'r took to his bad ways afterward, and got deeper and deeper in debt, till first one and then another of the servants was sold to the creditors. My husband went first, for he was one of the best hands. After a while my boy took sick, and I thought he would die. Oh, such agony as I was in; and mas'r seemed as anxious as I. He'd come and watch him and say: "Nurse him up careful, Milly; the little feller must make a prime hand yet!" I wondered why he seemed so kind o' tender, but the reason was plain soon enough. There had been a trader about, buying up handsome boys to train up for waiters in the big houses in Orleans, and master had promised to sell my little George. Oh, missy! I can't tell ye, but desp'rate bad thoughts came into my heart then. I wanted my boy to die as bad as before I wanted him to live! I 'spect it was wicked, but I prayed to God to take him, rather than he should be sold away from me. And God did take him; blessed be His name. He took him away from the evil to come, and I never shed a tear over his corpse."

Grace and Katy were weeping, and Aunt Milly again wiped her eyes upon the coarse bag she was making.

"After my boy died," she continued, "I thought of only one thing; and that was to run away with my little girl, before she too was taken from me. I knew 'twas a great ways to Canada, but my mind was made up, and I watched a good chance and set off with Linda in my arms; and one helped me, and another helped me, and the Lord most of all, till I got to a little town in New York State, where a great many black people already lived, and some that had been slaves like me.

"Well there I staid many a year, and Linda grew a pert, knowing child, and went to school, and we lived right comfortable on what I made by my work. But oh, missy! black folks' trouble's never ended till they's in the grave. One day some men came and took me with them to a magistrate, and swore I was their slave, and had ran away from them in Kentucky. It was all made up, for I never saw them before, but they had men hired to swear to it, and though a good many befriended me, I was declared to belong to them, and I had to go with them.

One thing I was determined on—that was that Linda shouldn't go. Maybe 'twas wicked, but I denied that she was my child, and the neighbors helped me deny it, and poor Linda durstn't tell, though my heart ached so to leave her, that I e'en a'most wished she *would* tell; and so they took me and left her, and I bless God for it. He 'll raise up friends for her in her day of need, and if I never see her in this world, I shall know her in Heaven."

"And what happened after you were brought back?"

"The men had only kidnapped me to sell agin, and so Mas'r Warren happened by, kind o' providential like, and said I wan't fit to be wore out on them Georgy plantations; so he bought me, and here I expect to be till I die.

"My time's 'most out. I've a deal to be very thankful for, yet, if I could be set free jest afore I died, I'd be willin' to work and starve till then."

"You seem very comfortable here," said Grace.

"Yes, missy, its good as I deserve and better. Only I'd be contented with less, if it was *my own*, and not master's. And it seems as if

bein' thankful would come more easy like, when a body knew it realy belonged to 'em.

"Every thing black folks has is just like them books thar—has mas'r's or missis' name on all! But I'm thankful for all God's mercies, and I'spect that if freedom had been good for me, I should'nt a been fetched back into slavery. But some body's callin' ye, honeys. I declare I's been talkin' so fast, I haint done no great 'count on these bags."

Mr. Warren had come in search of his nieces, and they left Aunt Milly's neat cabin, thanking her for her story, and promising to come again some other time.

CHAPTER VIII.

A VISIT TO THE CITY.

ONE day, a few weeks after the visit to Aunt Milly, our young friends were surprised by a call from their old sea-acquaintance, Nina Bainton. She had been on a visit to friends in Charleston, and on learning from her cousin Bell Witman, that she and her mother sometimes rode out to Warren Place, she at once seized the opportunity to renew her intimacy with her fellow-travellers, whom she remembered with much interest. Accordingly, she prevailed on her aunt to permit a servant to accompany them to Mr. Warren's plantation.

Grace and Kate, and even little Charlie, received them with the warmest pleasure; and a delightful time they had, although it was now winter. The winters in South Carolina differ very widely from Northern winters. There is little snow, and the trees do not entirely lose their verdure during the whole season. As the little people could walk and ride, and uncle Warren allowed a trusty servant to

attend them when they wished to go any considerable distance, they enjoyed their reunion exceedingly well. Nina told Grace that Philip was at a Grammar School in New Orleans; that he had grown almost a head; that he was a good brother, and gave her many presents.

A few days before Christmas, a messenger came from Mrs. Witman to bring home her daughter and niece, and to urge that the "Misses Warren," might return and pass the holidays with them. Katy was in high spirits at the prospect of a visit to the city, but Grace had discovered that Bell Witman was a very different girl from Nina Bainton, and thought a longer companionship scarcely desirable; besides, she disliked to leave little Charley, who would miss her sadly.

But Esther assured her that he should have the best of care, and aunt Warren promised that if they were needed, they should be immediately sent for, so just two days before Christmas, the whole party left the Warren plantation for Mrs. Witman's fine city residence. At first, our little girls were dazzled by the splendid furniture, and the grandeur of

every thing they saw, and sat still quietly, not daring to ask questions, but thinking within themselves that they should like such a magnificent home very much indeed.

When they retired to their rooms, they expected to be alone, where they could read their Bible and pray unobserved; they were surprised, therefore, when a young colored girl about the age of Grace, took her place on a matrass in one corner, saying "it was missis' orders that she should be by to wait on the young ladies."

Clara was as white as many little girls who will read this story, and naturally very quick and intelligent; but the poor child's mind was like a garden choked with weeds. No kind mother had ever told her of the Savior, who took little children in his arms and blessed them; no pious father led her to the house of prayer to learn the Way of Life; no faithful Sabbath-school teacher week by week made plain to her understanding the blessed truths that elevate the soul and fit it for heaven. Poor child! It scarcely seems credible that in this land of civilization and religion, of schools and bibles, in a city that pays large salaries to

Christian ministers, and supports missionaries in heathen lands, she had never *even heard* of *God*; knew nothing of the Savior; of the resurrection; of heaven and hell? Yet it is most true. In this gay and infidel family, no Bible was read, no Sabbath kept, no God worshipped! And the servants were treated as if they were mere machines to do the will of their owners, without soul or sense above the brutes that perish.

Grace and Katy awoke early next morning, and supposing Clara still slept, they rose softly, and went through with their morning devotions. When they arose from their knees, the girl was awake and looking at them in the greatest astonishment. Probably she had never seen such a sight before, and supposed it to be some superstitious custom, like those which are common among the most ignorant negroes.

"Shall I do your hair, miss?" she inquired at last. "My missis tell me to dress it like de young ladies."

Grace allowed her to do it as she liked, and it was very neatly and expeditiously done. Then Katy sat down; but before her hair was finished, a scream from outside the house

caused both the sisters to run to the window. Only Clara sat still and looked quite unmoved.

“Who can it be that is screaming so terribly?” asked Katy.

At first Clara shook her head and seemed not inclined to tell, but upon the girls starting to run down stairs, she answered: “It’s nobody but Rosette; she’s my sister. I ’spect they’s sendin’ her to the whippin’ place. They does it ’most every day.”

“Where is the whipping place?” said Grace,

“Out on the square, jist round de corner. Folks sends niggers there every day, and there’s a man thar that whips ’em.”

“But does Mrs. Witman send a girl like you there?”

“Rosette’s my sister. I ’spect she’s mighty bad.”

“Were you ever sent there?” asked Katy, before Grace could check her. She thought the girl would be unwilling to answer.

Clara made no reply in words, but raised a part of her dress, and showed what seemed to be old scars on her limbs.

“’Spect Rosette’s a heap worse than I,” said she

Poor tender-hearted Grace could eat no breakfast that morning, and when Mrs. Witman and other ladies of the family inquired what had destroyed her appetite, whether she were sick or home-sick, or if she had not slept well, was it any wonder that she blushed and stammered, and finally burst into tears! The ladies thought she was ill, and spoke to her very kindly, but Harry Witman, a coarse, shrewd boy of fourteen, said he "believed she heard the niggers squall." Then some of the ladies laughed as if he had said something witty, and very glad were the two frightened sisters when the meal was ended, and all went out upon the verandah.

Grace already longed to return to her uncle's, where the baleful shadow of slavery was less hideous, and where the house servants at least, were not beaten like dogs. Her uncle and aunt, though often capricious in their demands of the servants, yet had some idea of their duty toward them; but here the mistress seemed to take actual pleasure in seeing them abused.

Grace and Katy, naturally fond of beauty and taste, had, at first, almost envied the pos-

sessors of this magnificent mansion, but now a feeling, half of pity and half of indignation, which they could not help, filled their hearts, as they reflected how much pride and cruelty, how much ignorance and misery, dwelt therein.



CHAPTER IX.

THE CHRISTMAS PARTY.

THIS day was occupied in preparations for a grand Christmas party to be given in honor of Nina, Grace and Kate; and to which many young people of the city had been invited. The sisters could have been well contented to watch the process of decorating the parlors, the making of various delicacies for the table, as well as the preparing of the gay dresses, had it not been so painful to witness the degradation of the servants. Rosette, the girl whose cries they had heard in the morning, seemed to be especially disliked by her mistress. Scarcely an hour passed that she did not strike her, or pull her hair, or push her across the room. Sometimes it was because she did not quiet the infant, sometimes for spilling the water she was carrying, or for not coming quickly when she was called; and the girl, ever fearful of doing something wrong, grew more confused and awkward every time she was punished.

Grace took Nina aside, and asked her to beg her aunt not to beat Rosette so much; but Nina replied:

“My aunt is a very singular woman. I really pity that girl, but am quite sure that if we were to say any thing, it would only make matters worse. She is very good to us, and I suppose it is not our business if she is cross to her own servants.”

Grace thought, though she did not say, that she believed it was every one's business, when a poor helpless child was misused. • “Rosette looks sickly,” said she, “I do not believe she is able to work hard.”

“Oh, my aunt says she is always feigning sickness; always telling about her heart beating and fluttering; the doctor told aunt once, that Rosette had a heart disease, but she wouldn't believe it. I'm sure I would sooner cut my hand off, than treat her so; and so would my mother; but aunt Witman is peculiar, and must have her own way. You must shut your eyes, and get used to it, as we do.”

“Oh Nina! not for any thing in this world would I ‘get used’ to it!” answered Grace;

“Isn’t she one of God’s children; and who made us to differ from her?”

Nina looked serious a moment, and said, “I hate to think of such things, but what can be done? It is a fact that the negroes are lazy and deceitful, and cannot be managed except by whipping. But what can be done with them?”

“Let them go free,” answered Grace, “and pay them wages for their work. That would cure them of being lazy and deceitful.”

“Dear! dear!” said Nina, “how ignorant you are! Our laws in this State do not permit that. But now pray drop this disagreeable subject, and let us try on the dresses we are to wear to-night.”

Grace went, but her heart ached for the weary sorrowful child who had no earthly friend to take her part, and who knew nothing of that Heavenly Friend in whose ear she could confide all her sorrows.

Next morning, as the sisters were in their room preparing to go out and make some small purchases, Kate said, looking in her purse, “Where are we to give our Christmas donation this year, Grace? You know papa always ex-

pected us to put a little sum in his missionary box every Christmas morning."

"Yes—in token of the 'Peace on earth and good will to men' which Christmas commemorates," answered Grace. "I have been thinking, that as there is no box here or at uncle Warren's, we cannot do better than to enclose our offering in a letter to Mr. Townsend. He will dispose of it as papa used to do—for the heathen. It is time that we should write to him again, and I will do so as soon as we return from our walk."

"Really," said Katy, again examining her purse, "I don't see how I can give any thing now, if I purchase that beautiful bracelet we saw at the jeweller's. And I really need something of the kind. You know, aunt Warren gave me leave and money to purchase one here; and I have not enough for both purposes. It will be as well to send the money after we return home."

"It doesn't seem so to me," answered Grace; "I dislike much to break in upon any habit or custom which our parents approved, and which we practiced in that dear home where we were all so happy. If I were you,

I would not have the bracelet, and I *would* send the missionary money; but you must think seriously about it, and then do as you think best."

While Katy was still undecided, Clara, who had been listening, and who was always encouraged by the girls to ask questions, suddenly inquired, "What is missionary money, missy?"

"Money that is given to good men to go and preach to the poor heathen," Grace answered. "Christians give a great deal of money every year for it."

"Who are de poor headen?" asked Clara.

"People who do not know God, and who have not his Holy Book to teach them how to be happy in this world and after they die."

"Dat book you read in every mornin'?"

"Yes,—that is the Bible."

"We niggers are mighty bad headen, den; 'cause we got no Bible. Don't know nothin' about God, neither. Will the missionaries come here?"

Grace scarcely knew what to say, but she answered that they usually went to teach the heathen in foreign lands; countries a great way off. "What for they do dat," questioned

the negro girl, "when we niggers all heathen too."

Grace replied that the negroes were *not all* heathen, though a great many were, and she hoped that before long missionaries would go among them and teach them the Gospel as they did other heathen. And she determined to mention the matter in her letter to Mr. Townsend. Will not you, dear little reader, do as much? Will you not ask your parents, your sabbath-school teacher, your minister, at some proper time and place, what can be done for the benighted heathen in our Southern States? How they can be supplied with Bibles, and the knowledge that shall lead them to Eternal Life.

* * * * *

A good deal more upon the same subject Grace said to the inquiring slave-girl, and then dismissed her, that she might go out with Katy. The latter, I am happy to say, had, during this conversation, wisely decided that she could do without the bracelet, which was in reality quite a superfluous ornament for so young a girl, and had smilingly laid in her sister's hand the tiny gold piece which had been intended for its purchase.

Clara, in the meanwhile, had made her way to the kitchen, to report the news that "good men called *missioners* went about telling poor heathen like them of a happy place, where, if they were good, they would go when they died; and about a great God, who loved black folks as well as white, and wished them to go and live with him for ever.

Most of the negroes paid little attention to this story, but Rosette's sorrowful eyes brightened, as she asked how soon they would come, and if missis would be sure to let them in. "For," said she, "if we can go to a happy place when we die, I want to die now!"

All this time the ladies in the parlor were consulting how to ornament the large saloon for the children's festival in the evening, which would be Christmas Eve. And again, during this day, Grace and Katy were compelled to see the sickly-looking slave-girl beaten by her ill-tempered mistress, who was always most irritable when busied in preparing for a party. Rosette seemed to make even more mistakes than she had done the day before, and once fell quite down with the babe in her arms.

But the day wore away, and evening came,

and the large room, brightly illuminated, was filled with gay and joyous children, all *white*, all neatly dressed, all smiling and happy; cared for by some proud father, or some fond mother, or, as in the case of our little friends, by generous and affectionate relatives. Harry Witman was quite too noisy, and might be heard all over the room introducing "Miss Warren and Miss Kate Warren" to his young friends; but most of the company, I am glad to say, were exceedingly well-behaved.

The evening passed pleasantly and swiftly, though it is to be feared that few if any of all the merry throng, thought seriously of the great event which Christmas commemorates—the coming into this world of the holy Child Jesus, who was to bear the sins and carry the sorrows of a whole world.

Toward the close of the evening, Grace became tired of the lights and noise, the eating and drinking, and walked out upon the verandah alone, intending to return in a few moments. At the further end of the varandah, was a flight of steps leading to rooms occupied by the servants, and from one of the windows Grace heard a faint groaning, which she was

sure proceeded from some one in pain. At first she felt afraid, but after waiting a moment and hearing the sound repeated, she went cautiously down the steps, and listened at the window. Presently she heard Rosette's voice moaning as if in great distress:

"Oh! Great God that loves black folks, come and help poor black girl, or take her 'way from her mis'ry," she sobbed. "Dere's no rest here for poor nigger."

Grace found she could open the window, and did so quickly. "It's nobody but Grace; don't be afraid," said she. "I heard a noise, and came to see what it was. But you are sick, Rosette; you breathe so loud, and so short. Why are you here alone in the dark?"

"Oh, Miss Grace, will you beg missis for me? She locked me up here, 'cause she said I spilled the ice-cream, but I didn't, Miss Grace, I see Mas'r Harry eatin' out 'n the pitcher,—but missis won't b'lieve, and I'm to stay here all night, and to-morrow she'll send me to de whippin-place agin. And oh, Miss Grace, I can't bar it, 'deed I can't. Dey do strike so hard! Maybe missis would let me off, if you'd beg of her. Do, please!"

“ I will speak with her, Rosette. I will beg and plead with her not to do it. So cheer up, and put your trust in God, poor girl. He can help you, if none else can.”

“ Where is God ?” asked Rosette.

“ He is a Spirit—that is, a Being whom you cannot see ; and he is every where. He is here now, and sees you, and knows all you suffer. He pities you, and loves you more tenderly than any father or mother can love their child. He sent his only son to die for you ; for *you*, poor black girl, just as much as for the greatest king that ever lived. Oh ! Rosette, you cannot even imagine how good God is ! and if you ask him, he will comfort and bless you, and make you his own dear child.”

The slave-girl shed tears of joy while Grace was speaking, and for some time the two remained in earnest conversation about God and his Son Jesus. But suddenly Rosette cried out, shivering all over with fear.

“ There ! there ! Miss Grace, run ! Run quick ! Somebody’s calling you, and if missis finds out you’ve been here, it’ll be worse for me. But speak to her, do, please ! I can feel dat cruel whip on my shoulders now !”

So Grace returned to the lighted room, the splendid entertainment, and the gay company, and tried to forget the poor prisoner below, but she was glad when at a late hour the party broke up, wishing each other a Merry Christmas, for it was now past 12 o'clock, and of course was Christmas morning.

Mrs. Witman had been all smiles and pleasant words during the evening; but when the guests had gone, she unfortunately discovered that a lamp had been broken, and nearly ruined one of her carpets. This created quite a storm, which the girls were glad to escape by going to bed. Grace saw that to speak to her now about Rosette, would only make her more enraged, and as she rose very late, depended upon seeing her in the morning, before the order for the whipping could be written and despatched.

So she retired to her chamber, without telling Katy what would only trouble her, and throwing her arms about her sister's neck, was soon in a profound slumber.

CHAPTER X.

DEATH THE LIBERATOR.

NEXT morning, Grace was up at her usual hour, though the rest of the family slept late from the effect of the evening's fatigue. She had a full half hour to herself, and then Katy awoke, and learning from her sister what was to be done, they sat still together, listening for the sound of Mrs. Witman's voice in her own room.

At last they heard her, and with fluttering hearts and trembling steps made their way to her door and knocked. The waiting-maid opened it, and told them that Mrs. Witman was gone to the lock-up to send Rosette out to be whipped for spilling ice-cream last night. They waited to hear no more, but followed as fast as possible, and when they reached the door of the lock-up, what a sight met their eyes! Rosette was lying on the cold floor, DEAD, and Mrs. Witman standing near, with the order for the whipping in her hand. The Friend of the friendless had heard the prayer

of the forlorn slave-girl, and sent his messengers in the dead of the night, to free her from her persecutors. The "Great God" to whom her darkened soul had sent out its petition, when there was no earthly arm to aid, had not been deaf to her prayer.

And who can tell but that in the final struggle, when in darkness and anguish her soul was loosed from its prison-house, the compassionate Jesus stood by, and supported her upon his bosom! Jesus, the friend of the suffering, who was himself put to death "by the tormentors;" He, to whom the soul of that humble slave-girl was more precious than all the glories of heaven, had led her gently forth, "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest!"

While the favored children of wealth, with skins but little lighter than her own, had danced and feasted in the warm, brilliant rooms above, poor Rosette, whose short life had been innocent and harmless as theirs, lay dying alone in the cold and darkness of the dismal "lock-up."

Christmas morning had dawned—the day that heralded "Peace on earth, and good will

to men." In the luxurious parlors of the mansion, merry greetings and costly gifts were being exchanged; but Grace thought, as she looked on the peaceful countenance of the dead, that, upon her had the richest blessing descended, to her had the best gift been given—rest—and an everlasting release from sickness and toil and cruelty.

Whatever Mrs. Witman's emotions might have been at the result of her inhumanity, she was too proud to manifest them before the children and servants; so she simply gave orders for the disposal of the body, and went directly to her own room, without noticing Grace and Katy even by a word.

When Bell and her cousin Nina were informed of what had taken place, the former seemed at first a little shocked, and said, "Perhaps ma would believe now that her sickness was not all feigned." But in a very short time she had forgotten the matter entirely, in her recollections of the gay Christmas ball. Kate and Nina wept; but Grace could not weep. She only felt joy and gratitude to Heaven, that the girl was freed from her cruel bondage.

Nothing was said by Mrs. Witman or any of

the family about the occurrence; the holiday festivities were resumed, and all went on as if no innocent victim had been offered up to the Moloch of slavery in that house. But when at the final day, God shall make requisition for the souls he hath created, who will answer to him for the destroying of that "*little one*," whom he had "made in his own image."

Very glad indeed were Grace and Katy Warren, when, on the second of January, one of their uncle's trusty servants came to take them home. They parted with Nina affectionately, and with Mrs. Witman and her children politely, for they had been taught to treat every one with courtesy, even those whom they could not love or respect. But they turned their faces from the gorgeous mansion, which Katy could not help calling a "whited sepulchre," with lightened hearts and cheerful smiles. To Katy the visit had been in many respects highly beneficial. She had often longed for a home as grand and beautiful as Bell Witman's; but now that she had witnessed the ignorance, the selfishness, the discord and misery, that dwelt within, she was irresistibly led to conclude that wealth alone is but a hollow founda-

tion upon which to rear the superstructure even of *earthly* happiness. In her secret heart she had often wished, and almost hoped, that slavery was not a sin, so fond was she of ease and power; but the frightful colors in which she had seen it invested in this family, haunted her long afterward, and caused a shuddering fear, lest *she* might at some time covet the "awful legacy of souls!"

They were most affectionately received by the whole family at Warren Place, from their uncle himself down to the little shining-faced babies toddling about the kitchen floor. The servants all seemed in the best of spirits, probably on account of the week of idleness which planters are accustomed to allow their slaves from Christmas till New-Year's, and which they generally spend in amusements, not quite so refined, but perhaps as harmless as their white neighbors.

And now, with books, music, sewing, and occasional letter-writing, the winter passed very cheerfully to our little orphan girls. Spring, summer came, and then—I cannot stay to describe fully all that they did and saw. How they went with the family to a barbecue in

the neighborhood, on the 4th of July, where they could not help feeling grieved to hear the venerable Declaration of Independence read, and the sentiment applauded, "That all men are created free and equal," while scores of men, women and children, within hearing, pined in hopeless slavery. How Grace met one day in a neighboring town, where she had gone with her uncle, a coffle; that is, a long train of negroes chained together in pairs, driven and whipped like cattle, and like cattle on their way to market; and how for days and nights she could see before her closed eyes their sad and tearful faces.

I must not forget to say, however, that Grace and her uncle had many a long and interesting talk together upon the subject which lay so near her heart. Charlie always joined in these, taking sides with his sister very warmly, for the little fellow was the pet of all the servants, and had learned to love many of them only less than "nurse Esther." He could not see their black skins, and no argument could make him comprehend why they should be deprived of their liberty more than others. Grace had many texts of scripture, and many

powerful, because heartfelt arguments at her command, and her uncle, whose conscience made him feel, though his pride forbade him to confess, that all his worldly philosophy could not confute the reasoning of a clear-headed Christian child, often ended the subject by saying:

“Well, Grace, buy my slaves, and set them free as soon as you please. But I am too poor.”

CHAPTER XI.

THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

"UNCLE," said Grace, coming softly into his room one day with a little Testament in each hand, "you once gave me leave to teach Nanny and Jane to read, and I have done it. They can both read very fairly in the Bible, and now I want your permission to give each of them a Testament."

"To be sure you may give them;" answered Uncle Warren.

"Thank you, uncle. And now another thing. Will you let me have a little class every Sunday for the children at the 'quarters?' It seems only right that they should be taught, as well as the house-children."

"You may try it," returned her uncle, "I fancy it won't last long!" and the next sabbath, Grace, assisted both by Kate and Charlie, commenced her labor of love. The little dark-browed creatures came eagerly "to *learn* of young Missy;" and many of them did learn readily and well.

For several weeks the young teachers continued their school, becoming more and more interested with every lesson. They told their pupils of the creation of the world, of God's law to men, of the Savior, and labored patiently to explain to them the difference between right and wrong, which few of them seemed clearly to comprehend.

"What you say we mustn't steal melons for?" asked little Mose, a jet-black and very intelligent boy, one day after a lecture on thieving; "Uncle Tim got more melons than we, and why mayn't we have 'em?"

"Because it is wrong to take what is not our own."

"But uncle Tim has more melons than he wants."

"That doesn't make it right for you to take them without his leave," answered Grace. "You know the commandment: 'Thou shalt not steal.' Every person has a right to his own property, and no other."

"But what makes some folks have a right to things, and odder folks got none? What makes Mas'r Warren?"

"Because, Mose, he worked very hard when

he was a young man, and earned the money to buy what he has. Of course he has a right to it."

"Well, don't uncle Tim work hard? Don't Sambo and Ned work hard? But dey got no money, and never will hab none. White folks takes all dey earns. What right has white folks to do dat?"

Grace feared it would be wrong to tell the boy that they had *no* right, although she firmly believed it, but Charlie knew no reason why he should not speak, and he answered accordingly.

"They havn't any right," said he. "The Bible says, 'Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you.' And if I were rich, I'd buy every slave and set them all free."

But this pleasant and useful labor was not to continue. Uncle Warren called Grace to his room one Sabbath evening, and told her that some gentlemen, slaveholders in the neighborhood, had that day spoken to him in regard to the school of which they had heard, and censured him severely for permitting it. They said it was a dangerous example, for those taught would teach others, and the mischief would continue to spread, until in a short

time all the slaves would become discontented and unmanageable. And indeed it is a fact perfectly in accordance with nature, that the more a negro knows, the worse slave he is. For when they learn to read and write, they begin to fancy themselves men, and grow uneasy to be free men.

“I’m sorry for you, Grace and Katy, and I must say I feel a good deal ashamed, but you will have to give up your Sunday-school. Not long since, a lady in Virginia, Mrs. Douglass, was put in prison for doing just what you have been doing.”

So the school was relinquished; but Grace by no means gave up her efforts to do good to the servants. She read to them frequently, and told them stories, blending amusement with a great deal of religious instruction. She felt that this was a very imperfect method, but it was the best she could do, and she did it hopefully, praying for the blessing of God.

And now we come to a very sorrowful event, which brought mourning on the whole household of the Warrens, and deep grief to the hearts of the sisters. This was the death of little Charlie, which took place the second

autumn of their residence at their uncle's. The stroke had long been expected, and every thing that the skill of the physician and care of the nurse could do, was done to avert it. But the disease made rapid progress in spite of all, and before Christmas little Charlie slept in the beautiful burying ground near Warren Place.

The holidays were sad days to Grace and Katy, though they often comforted themselves with the thought that their brother had gone to the home he had so often longed for; that the blindness was gone from his eyes for ever; and that now his sweet voice was singing the praises of the Redeemer, with the beloved ones gone before, and the whole company of the just made perfect.

But Charlie had not died without leaving a blessing behind him; for besides the effect of his beautiful and christian life upon those around him, there was one among the unfortunate bondmen, who received freedom through his death. When told that he could not live, he begged his uncle to set apart a portion of the inheritance which would have been his had he lived to be a man, and with it set one of the

most intelligent and industrious slaves at liberty, and send him to the North, where he might be educated and live a freeman. Mr. Warren kept his promise, and the slave selected, a young quadroon, who had married a free woman, and had long cherished a secret desire for liberty, is now living comfortably in a pleasant village in Ohio, sustaining himself respectably by his labor, and surrounded by a promising family of boys and girls.

A short time after Charlie's death, Esther returned to the old New England home. Though always kindly treated by the Warren family, she had been far from happy in their house, and would long since have left it, had she not promised Charlie's dying mother that she would never leave him while he needed her care. She had no associates here, for in Slave States labor is not reputable, and people visiting the house, knowing her to be a nurse and waiting-maid, scarcely noticed her more than the slaves.

In her native village, her good sense, kindness, and piety, had won for her many friends, and it was but natural that she should desire to return to them. Grace and Katy, though

grieved at the thought of parting with her, were not so selfish as to desire to retain her against her will; and indeed they could not wish her to remain longer, deprived of the advantages of society and means of improvement. So Esther returned to the North, and the girls embraced the opportunity to send messages and presents to their friends. They subsequently received many letters from her, full of kind remembrance: nor must we forget to say that Mr. and Mrs. Townsend by no means neglected their little friends. Their letters to them were frequent and affectionate, filled with such advice as the tenderest Christian parents give their children in circumstances of peculiar solicitude: these were of great benefit, particularly to Katy, who, more than her sister, was apt to forget in the pleasures of the present, "the things which are unseen and eternal!"

CHAPTER XII.

A NEW FRIEND.

AND now again the days of our young friends flowed evenly on, undisturbed by any event more remarkable than a visit from Philip and Nina Bainton, who in visiting their friends in Charleston, made a short excursion to Warren Place. Philip had grown quite tall, and Grace was glad to see that he controlled his impetuous temper much better than formerly, and that his amiable sister had much influence over him in his moments of passion.

Both always listened attentively to her "incendiary doctrines," as they laughingly styled her anti-slavery sentiments; but Grace was at a loss to tell whether they had really any serious doubts upon the subject or not. She knew that much of their father's property was in slaves, and greatly feared that even if Philip were convinced of the wrongs of the system, he would not have sufficient moral courage to impoverish himself, and give up the high

station that awaited him when he became a man, for the sake of letting his colored brother go free.

Late in the autumn, Mr. Warren procured a governess for his nieces, as their health was now firmly established, and it was needful that their studies should be pursued under a competent instructor. Miss Ray proved just the person needed in this capacity, besides a most agreeable acquisition to the family circle. The girls were delighted that they had now some one to assist them in fighting their battles with their uncle, for Miss Ray had been reared in the North, and was heartily opposed to slavery in all its forms. Yet so gentle and judicious was she in all she said, that while her words sank deeply into the heart, they never gave offence. Mrs. Warren was beginning to think very seriously of the guilt of holding human beings as chattels, and of its consequences to her own eternal peace. She began to think, and then tremblingly to *pray*, for light to see where her duty lay, and for strength to perform it. In this, Miss Ray, whose piety was unaffected and active, was a great assistance to her. Uncle Warren, too, was becoming more thoughtful,

and now seldom gave way to bursts of passion among his servants, who, in their turn, were more careful and obedient.

Grace and Katy, except when their eyes wandered to the little mound in the churchyard, were happier than they had been before since leaving their early home. Their lessons were made attractive and pleasant ; and out of study hours, their teacher possessed the ever-ready power to interest them in some occupation mingling instruction with amusement. They took long rambles together over the beautiful grounds about Warren Place, and listened eagerly as Miss Ray told them stories of her past life.

One day, when they had protracted their walk longer than they intended, becoming quite weary, they seated themselves beneath a beautiful spreading tree to rest. The little girls, as was their wont, begged their governess to tell them something of her childhood, and with a smile upon her pleasant face, she said :

“ There is one story, dear children, connected not only with my childhood, but with my later years, which I have often wished to tell you ; but feared it was too sad, for it concerns only a

poor, unhappy, abused negro and his family, in whom I was once interested."

"O do tell it, please, Miss Ray," exclaimed both children. "We like to hear of the slaves, and we *ought* to; for at Uncle Warren's, where they are treated so well, we are in danger of forgetting how shockingly they are sometimes abused."

So sitting closer together under the beautiful tree, with the clear autumn atmosphere breathing of health and peace about them, and the lovely landscape stretching away in the hazy distance, Miss Ray commenced her narrative thus :

"Among my earliest recollections of the New England home where I was reared, is that of an old colored woman and her daughter Nannie, who lived in our village, and earned their living by washing and house-cleaning. My mother often employed them; and happy was I when, by an unusual commotion in the house, I was made aware that "big work" was to be taken in hand that day; for then I was sure of old Axy and her daughter to make fun for "the children." Never was an old colored woman in my eyes like old Axy; so fat, so

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cleanly, so goodnatured, so irresistibly funny in all her words and ways. True, she was very ignorant, but that only made her assumption of knowledge the more ludicrous and amusing. No subject could be broached upon which she was not always ready to expatiate, with the utmost dignity, and a profusion of long words, which not unfrequently sent even my mother out of the room in a paroxysm of laughter.

“Nanny was very different from her mother; a quiet girl with a bright countenance, and a pleasant, gentle expression, which one so often sees among the African race, when there has been even a slight degree of cultivation. She had made the most of her limited school advantages, and could read in easy books very correctly.

“One evening, after a very busy day at house-cleaning, when both mother and daughter had officiated as usual, we were sitting in the parlor—that is, my father, mother, and sisters; for old Axy, who was to remain all night, having been engaged for the next day, would not come into the room with the family, but sat with her daughter by the kitchen fire. Suddenly the door was flung open, and the old

woman bounded in with consternation on every feature.

"What is it, Axy, what is the matter?" asked my mother.

"Oh missis, der be de most extranumerary knockin' to de kitching winders, dat ever was heerd. I was a standin' by de winder jist dis way, peaseable as de oldest old shoe, when what should I hear but a crackin' and a thumpin' on de winder 'nough to scar de fire-dogs up de chimbley. I 'clar, I felt all over internally dilapidated, and in 'nother minute ef it had a continnered, I should a tumbled head round ways into de hop-risin'!"

"Nanny," said my father, trying not to laugh, "can *you* tell me what the matter is."

"Somebody knockin' sir, at the kitchen winder."

"And why, for decency's sake didn't you let him in?" said my father, almost angry.

"'Deed sir," answered old Axy, "ef ye had jest awaited till I told ye all! But dat's jist de way. Ole women never kin git a chance to tell der stories through. Spiles 'em all to stop in de middle. I was guine to say, sir, dat I plucked up de most circum-violent courage,

and give a *peek* jist dis way, side o' de curtain, and what do ye think I saw dar, with de glari-
nest eyes, and de raggedest jacket, and de
most superstitious ole hat; dat ever *I* see
under de blessed stars? A black man sir, black
as dat ar inkstand, and wid de most visionary
expression ob featur."

"Here the laugh burst out from all but my mother, who, calling Nanny, had gone to the kitchen, and discovered the object which had so frightened the old woman. A negro man, weary and haggard, shivering with cold, although it was early in November, stood on the steps and begged for food and lodging. I shall never forget his first appearance, as running out behind my father, I peeped fearfully in his face. He was probably under twenty-five years of age, and as noble a specimen of his race as I have ever seen. In spite of his weary and half-starved appearance, there were the unmistakable signs of manhood—a high forehead, keen piercing eye, and a general look of intelligence, seldom seen in a slave, for such we soon discovered him to be. My father had not the heart to refuse the trembling fugitive, and a warm supper prepared by the "dilapida-

ted" Axy herself, and a comfortable bed, were freely accorded him.

"The next day we learned that he had escaped from bondage only a few weeks previous; that his master lived in Mississippi, and was very cruel to him, which the poor fellow's scars fully substantiated. He was a blacksmith, and an excellent workman; and my father assisted him, until he had as much custom as he could attend to. But to hurry over this part of my story; there was a courtship and a wedding in Axy's little board cabin, and Nanny became the wife of Scipio, or Scip, as he was generally called.

"Many a nice little present did my sisters and myself carry from my mother to the young couple, and certainly a happier home than theirs I never saw. Scip was industrious, and obliging to every one, devotedly attached to his wife, and to my father's family. Often I have seen him shed tears as he related his past sufferings; and his present happiness seemed almost a dream in comparison. Years passed away; several children were added to their household, and Scip had become the possessor of a pretty house and garden, besides some

other property. But alas! a change was to come.

“I was ten years of age when the change came, but the remembrance of it is daguerreo-typed on my memory with a distinctness that years can never efface. My sisters were all married except one, who was just eighteen; and now *her* wedding-day was approaching. Her intended husband had written us that he had unexpectedly fallen in with a college friend from the South, and had invited him to be present at the wedding. He did not mention his name, but the prospect of a Southerner in our house was quite an exciting topic of discussion for several days. Many were the messages and the directions I carried back and forth from our house to Axy and Nanny, who were engaged of course to assist in the preparations. Indeed, Nanny said that if it were not for little Blue-eyes, as they always called me, the affair could not possibly go on, and no doubt I quite believed it.

“The evening before the wedding arrived, and with it the two gentlemen; Mr. Bernard, my future brother-in-law, and Mr. Breck, his friend, who was traveling in the North for his

health. I disliked the man from the first, he looked so dark, so stern, so haughty; but my mother and sister laughed at me, calling me 'prejudiced' and silly; so I kept my thoughts to myself, very thankful for Elinor's sake, that the 'dark man' was not the bridegroom.

"In the evening, Scip came to the kitchen of an errand, and I ran out to ask him if Nanny's moss-roses had bloomed. Nanny cultivated a great many flowers—indeed her little home was almost hidden in the summer, among roses, hollyhocks, pinks, morning-glories, and marigolds, besides a great many less showy and perhaps more beautiful flowers. It was from her store that we expected to procure flowers for the morrow, and she had sent a message for Blue-eyes to come early with a large basket. But the moss-roses we desired in particular for the bride-cake, and when I left Scip's house at two o'clock, the delicate buds were still closely folded in their mossy robe. Now five or six hours had passed, and hearing Scip's voice, I ran anxiously into the hall to ask him if there were any change in the moss-roses!

"Scip had a peculiar voice, a clear melodious

intonation, which once heard could not soon be forgotten. His answer was:

“ ‘Bout them moss-roses, Nanny says to me, Tell little Blue-eyes not to fret, they’ll be open jist enough and none too much, to-morrer. ’Pears like Miss Elinor won’t want ’em full blowed!’ ”

“ This was satisfactory, and I turned to re-enter the parlor, and as I did so, Mr. Breck was just coming down stairs. There was a strange, inquisitive look in his eye, as he darted it in the direction of the kitchen, which excited my wonder; but he said nothing, and I could only conjecture that he did not know the use of moss-roses!

“ Next morning, very early, that is before breakfast, I took my basket and started across the lane for Nanny’s flower-beds. As my hand was on the gate, I turned my head and saw that Mr. Breck had sauntered behind me, and now stood near looking sharply at the house: I know not why I felt a sense of danger, for the thought had never occurred to me that Scip could be reclaimed to slavery, but the man’s glance made me uneasy, and my first impulse was to move away from the gate and pass on as if this

were not the house I was seeking. But it was too late ; Scip was feeding his pigs at one side of the house, and calling them in his clear voice. He did not see Mr. Breck, who passed on, bidding me a polite 'Good morning.'

"I went in and procured my flowers, beautiful moss-rose buds and all. Oh ! if I had only told Scip my fears ! But I had been ridiculed many times for imaginary terrors, and was ashamed to speak of them. I did not know, I did not *dream*, that any man could take Scip away from his home, for there had been few cases of that kind within our knowledge. Now alas ! it is very different.

"'Oh here's little Blue-eyes !' said Nanny, as I presented myself at the door with my laden basket ; 'La—now ! how spry she's been ? I meant to a helped ye, chile. Beauties—aint they ? ra'al splendid to trim bride-cake with. Did the gentleman bring the wreath of orange flowers for her head ? Did, eh ! For sure, I know'd he would. Gentlemen like him knows what's what. Scip, honey, bring a cheer ; I want to reach that biggest cluster of climbin' roses ;' and the affectionate creature, who prized her flowers chiefly for the gratification they

afforded her friends and neighbors, robbed her vines of their choicest remaining beauties.

“‘There now, run home, honey, and tell your Ma that soon as ever my dishes is washed, and the house tidied up a little, I’ll come right over. Me and mother and Scip, all ov us! She says she wants us all, but dear knows we’ll be more bother than help!’ Scip gave his expressive eyes an unusually sagacious roll at this assumption of humility, and said he reckoned he’d make himself useful somehow.

“The wedding was to take place before noon, and be succeeded by a ride and a party in the evening. At the close of the ceremony, as Scip was carrying about the cake, I chanced to stand near Mr. Breck. When his eyes fell upon the man who with much good will was holding the waiter toward him, I saw his countenance change, and thinking no one was near him, he muttered in a low voice ‘My father’s nigger, and I knew it!’ with an oath.

“Then I was miserable; for though not knowing exactly what to dread, I felt that our faithful friend was in danger, and that something must be done. The rooms were crowded, but I ran to my father, who hurriedly patted

my head, gave me an orange, and turned away. My mother was still more preoccupied, but after watching a long time I found an opportunity to speak to her. She was alarmed, but soon said: 'O there can be no danger of Mr. Breck taking Scip, for he is going to ride with the company, and leaves them at the railroad station to go on his own way.' This relieved me much, as I had before been reluctant to have them go.

"After a while, a long while it seemed, they set off, Mr. Breck taking his carpet-bag, and giving us who remained at home, a cordial adieu. The party returned at evening without him, and I breathed freely, sure that the danger was over.

"Next morning, before breakfast again, my mother sent me to return Nanny's coffee-pot, which had been borrowed for the day before. Old Axy asked me a thousand questions, and related in her pompous way, many incidents which had no doubt escaped all eyes but hers. Nanny was praising the bride-cake and the bride, and urging me to stay to breakfast, when the door was quickly opened, and Scip, who had been chopping wood outside, came in. I shall

never forget his looks, as he turned toward his wife and children; such terror, such anguish, such despair! He had his axe in his hand, and still holding it, he opened the door of the loft.

“‘I must hide, Nanny;’ said he, with forced calmness. Child as I was, I knew it was forced — ‘you must hide me somewhere. There’s men here after me. I know it’s me they’re comin’ for. You’ve nothin’ to fear.’”

“‘Nothin’ to fear!’ poor Nanny cried, running to him and pushing him in at the stairway door. ‘Them that takes you takes me too.’”

“‘That Mr. Breck is my old master’s son. I thought yesterday I’d seen him somewheres, but I never heard his name till he’d gone. He’s back after me. Oh, Nanny! what will you and the chil’en do?’”

“I heard the poor man sob in the garret, where his wife had gone with him; and looking out at the window, I saw several men entering the yard, and among them was Mr. Breck. My first impulse was to turn the wooden button of the door, and this I did without loss of time. Alas! at the second trial it was burst off, and flung across the room. Meanwhile, Axy had dispatched the oldest boy to my father’s, with



orders to 'tell 'em to come right over, for murder was bein' done, and somebody would be killed?'

"In a few moments the greatest confusion prevailed. Scip was dragged from his hiding-place, with his wife hanging about his neck, while the most piteous screams went up from old Axy, from the children, and, as I well remember, from myself. In the midst of all this my father came in, followed by pretty much all of his family. He tried to hold a parley with Mr. Breck; but the latter became excited and insolent, having the magistrates on his side, and refused all offers; refused to delay the proceedings a moment longer than was necessary by law. Never, never can I forget the prayers, the tears, the heart-rending agony of that wretched family, as the husband and father was borne out of the house. At first he had struggled manfully, brandishing his axe, and vowing never to be taken alive; but he was soon overpowered, and then his courage failed, and his spirit seemed broken.

"My father stood by with his lips compressed, pondering upon the best course to take next; my mother in tears, trying to comfort

poor Nanny; my sister pale and almost fainting with affright, and her husband looking indignant and distressed. I remember my father tried to comfort me with the hope that he might yet be saved; and indeed all that the kindest friendship could suggest was done to save the poor man, but to no avail. Scip was proved to have been the property of Mr. Breck's father, who was now dead; even the poor fellow, on being questioned, convicted himself; and there were plenty of marks and brands upon his person by which he was identified.

"There was a sort of trial—hurried and most unjust to the poor slave—and then Scip went with his master, broken-hearted and sorrowful; and Axy, Nanny, and the children, were left desolate. I will not attempt to describe their grief—I can never recall it without emotion. Nothing was known of him for several years; but there is a sequel to the story, which is too long to be completed at this time. We must return home, for it is growing late, and this evening I will finish my narrative."

CHAPTER XIII.

MISS RAY'S STORY, CONTINUED.

“EIGHT years passed away, and no tidings of poor Scip. In the mean time, his family had not suffered for the comforts of life, for Nanny toiled incessantly to support her children and old Axy, who was now nearly past labor. At the end of this time, I went to Alabama as teacher in a family with whom I had been intimate many years, but who had only a short time previous removed to the South. A few months afterward, a fatal disease carried off all the children of this family,—three blooming interesting little girls.

“My services being no longer needed, I looked out for another place, and soon found one in the family of a Mr. West, a planter of great wealth, with a large family of boys and girls. My school was all that I desired, and if I could have closed my eyes and ears to the fact of slavery on the plantation, I might have enjoyed my new home extremely well. Mr. West was a stern, though not cruel master;

but instances of ill usage would occasionally come under my knowledge, which deepened and strengthened the horror I had felt for the slave-system ever since the affair of which I have told you. I seldom saw the field hands, but when I did, their dejected faces haunted me for days afterward.

“One day I had been on horseback to visit the friends before mentioned ; and as the afternoon was beautiful, I sent home the servant who accompanied me, determined to return alone, the better to enjoy my ride. A part of my way lay through a wood, and after proceeding slowly for half an hour, I found I had wandered from the right track, and was lost. While I was planning how best to retrace my steps, a noise attracted my attention, and turning quickly, I saw a negro crouching behind a log, and looking intently at me. He was haggard and wild-looking, and not till he spoke my name, did I think of poor Scip. He had recognised me, he said, by my resemblance to my father ; and as he mentioned him, the poor fellow was entirely overcome, and wept like an infant. He asked for his family with the greatest affection, and then I learned, to my

astonishment, that he was the property of Mr. West, to whom Mr. Breck had sold him soon after his return.

"I asked him why he was hiding in the woods, but he looked half distrustfully at me, and made no reply. I was grieved that the poor friendless creature should suppose I would inform against him, and told him, with tears in my eyes, that if he had attempted to run away, I would assist him as far as I possibly could. Then he told me that only that afternoon he had made his escape, and that next morning the hounds and hunters would be on his track.

"And how will you escape them?" I tremblingly asked.

"There is a hiding-place not far off," said he, "where the dogs will never follow me. I have to wade in the river a little way, but when I get to the spot, it's safe." He said he had before attempted to run away and been retaken, but now his plans were laid so deliberately, he felt almost certain of success. He was to remain in the hiding-place by the river bank, until the search for him was over, and then make his way to the northward, traveling at night, and living upon such fruits and berries

he could find. The poor man's eyes sparkled as he listened to my account of his wife and children. He had feared they were dead, or gone where he could not find them; and new life and determination seemed now to possess him.

"He directed me to the right path, and after giving him what little money I had with me, I went on my way, praying fervently that God would deliver him from his oppressors. Sad as it made me to find him in such a forlorn state, I was thankful in my heart that I had been permitted to see poor Scip once more.

"I heard nothing that night of the escape, but next morning all was confusion and bustle. The hunt continued for several days, but in vain. No trace of the fugitive could be obtained, and I began, though with trembling, to picture to myself the joy of his family at his return. Alas! man proposes, but God disposes. Scip's hour of release was not yet come.

"More than a week after the loss of his slave, Mr. West took his two younger children and myself to visit at a neighboring planter's some distance up the river. I was in high spirits thinking of Scip's escape, and the day

passed very pleasantly. On our return, the gentleman proposed that two of his servants should row us in a little boat he had lately procured, while another took our horses around to a certain point on the bank, where we were to land, and from whence we were to walk the remainder of the way. Of course this novel arrangement met our approval, and we seated ourselves for a row down the placid river just as the sun set behind the low trees which bordered its banks. We reached the point designated, a clump of trees overhanging the water, where the negro waited with our horses. I stepped from the boat first, assisting little Mary, and Mr. West followed with his youngest and darling boy in his arms. How it happened I know not, but he made a misstep and fell into the water, which at that place was very deep. In a few moments, however, he managed to gain a footing, and climbed up the bank, but without the child. He could not swim, and his anguish was pitiable to witness. The negro on the bank, stupid and frightened, could give no assistance; and the two in the boat had managed to lose the oars, and were drifting down the stream.

Mr. West stamped and raved like one distracted. Little Mary screamed, and I was obliged to hold her, lest she should jump into the river. Meanwhile the little figure, made conspicuous by its bright robe of buff merino, rose and sank again under the water. I can not recall my sensations vividly, but remember wondering that the father did not leap in at all risks, and strive to save his child. Just as he seemed about to do this, a dark form darted from under the overhanging trees; there was a splashing in the water; and presently, through the gathering darkness, a negro man was seen stoutly buffeting the waves with the child on one arm. He climbed the bank, and exhausted and panting, laid his burden tenderly on the father's breast, while, 'I couldn't see him drown, Mas'r,' fell faintly from his lips.

"It was my poor friend Scip; and the hiding-place he had deemed so secure was a cavity in the bank, under those drooping trees. The noble fellow could not see his master's son drowning without trying to save him, for he had loved the little boy when he had nothing else to love. And now what do you think the master did for the generous slave, who had

risked his own life for that of his favorite child. Did he raise him tenderly, and say 'this night you are a free man?' No, nothing like it! He only said, with a sort of good-natured laugh, as one might speak to a dog: 'Well, Scip, you've been skulking a long while, this time. Go home now, and tell Chloe to give you a warm supper and some dry clothes. You've done me a good service, and I forgive you for running away, but don't let us find you hiding again.'

"This was all; and yet I do not think it entered the mind of Mr. West that he had acted shamefully. The slave was his property; where was the great merit of what he had done?

"Meanwhile, by rubbing and warmth, I partially restored the little boy to consciousness, and wrapping him in a warm shawl, we proceeded homeward. I looked at Scip again and again, but could not catch his eye; and my heart bled for the agony of mind that I knew he was suffering. After this he made no attempt to escape. He refused to eat, and wasted away to a shadow. Suddenly it occurred to me to make an effort to buy his freedom.

At first, his master would listen to no such proposition, but finally mentioned a large sum, so large that I was disheartened at the prospect of obtaining it. Nevertheless, I wrote to my father, and to several clergymen and others, giving a full statement of the case; and from their replies I was led to hope that my wish might eventually be realized.

“And so at last it proved. It was the work of months, but the money was finally obtained, and the master notified of his agreement. Then, and not till then, did I inform Scip of what had been done, for I feared to excite hopes which might be doomed to disappointment. He was sitting gloomily in his cabin after sunset, and I entered it with a light laugh, and joyful step. He looked up in melancholy wonder, and groaned. I shall never forget that groan, for it was the last he breathed in Slavery.

“‘Scip,’ I said, ‘are you ready for a journey to the North?’

“His eyes opened wide, and his look of interest was painfully intense. Then I unfolded the whole secret, and words would fail to describe the effect upon his mind. I never expect to witness such another scene; a scene

upon which angels might have smiled, and upon which I doubt not they did smile. To make my story short, on the very day upon which my engagement at Mr. West's expired, Scip departed for the North, comfortably clothed, and with a small sum of money in his pocket: as happy as freedom and the prospect of a reunion with his family could make him.

"I have not since heard from him, but shall do so doubtless before long, as he promised me faithfully to write, and Scip's promises are never voluntarily broken. Still I have many fears for his safety, as the black man is liable to be kidnapped, even when free; but every day my prayer is offered that he may be safely restored to those who love him, and spend the remainder of his days in peace."

And "Amen!" said the listeners, Grace and Katy.

CHAPTER XIV.

FREEDOM TO THE CAPTIVE.

THE sisters had now been nearly two years at Warren Place, and Grace had grown to be almost a woman in form and manners. She was tall and fair, of mild and winning deportment, and a mind more than ordinarily matured for her years. Katy was *petite* in figure, sprightly and sensible, though less thoughtful and gentle than her sister. She had earnestly striven against the faults of pride, indolence, and love of rule, which easily beset her ; and under the pious teaching of Miss Ray, her heart became softened to the influences of the Holy Spirit ; and she was led to choose the “better part” which her sister had chosen before her. Seeking to know the right, and to do it, the orphans passed useful and happy lives, and were beloved by all who knew them.

Toward the close of summer, Mr. Warren was prostrated by a violent fever, and for

weeks his strong frame wrestled in conflict with disease, as with an enemy determined to destroy. Grace watched by his bedside, and attended to his wants with unwearied diligence and affection. Her uncle soon learned to distinguish the light step and careful hand that administered his medicines, or bathed his forehead, or gave him cooling drinks, and in his hours of delirium would allow no one else to wait upon him. At last the fever subsided, and he began slowly to recover. After many weeks of slow convalescence, he on one memorable day joined the family in the parlor. As he walked feebly toward his accustomed seat, with his wife and Miss Ray supporting either arm, while Grace and Katy preceded him with cushions, a sense of his restoration to all that was dear to him swept over his heart like a tide, and he bowed his face and wept. But they were blessed tears, the baptism of a new life in his soul.

Not in vain had been the long days and nights of returning health, when reflection *would* come, and with it a still small voice that would not be quieted. A voice that said to him, "Man, where is thy brother? Where are

they whom thou boughtest with money to be thy wealth, whose souls thou hast valued in silver, whom thou reckonest with thy merchandise?" In those still hours, conscience, armed by the Spirit of God, had done its work, and the worldly-minded man had shuddered in view of the sins of his past life, and poured out his soul in thankfulness for the mercy which had allotted him yet a space to repent and believe.

For many moments he sat still, and then raising his eyes, he saw Grace standing beside him. "My dear child," said he, "they tell me I owe you a heavy debt for your care of me during my illness: now say how I am to repay you."

"Oh, uncle! as if I were not a thousand times paid by seeing you about again! Don't talk about a debt, please!"

But isn't there something I can do for you, Grace? Is there no favor you would like to ask?"

Grace hesitated, for she feared to hope what her heart desired; but at last she found courage to speak.

"There is one thing I would like to ask you,

uncle, if you would not be offended. You know you were never dangerously ill before, and it was not strange that you didn't think what might happen to the servants in case you were taken away. But now that you have been brought so very low, I wanted to ask if you shall make any provision for them, in case——”

“In case of my death, you mean, dear.” Uncle Warren smiled, as much as to say he knew what she wished. “Yes, Grace, I have thought much of it lately, and here is a paper I wish you to examine, and tell me if it meets your approval.”

Grace opened the paper. It was a pledge, signed by her uncle, for the emancipation of all his slaves, so soon as the legal process already commenced could be completed. She looked at her aunt, and seeing only smiles upon her face, she gave vent to her emotions of joy.

“Dear uncle, this is so good!” said she, “it seems almost too good to be true. And you have done it, not for my sake, but for your own, and the negroes’, and for Jesus Christ’s sake, have you not, dear uncle?”

“Yes, Grace. If I have commenced at a late hour to do my duty, there is the more reason that I should do it with earnestness while there is time. And now, Miss Ray, now, Grace. there is not a human creature, small or great, on my plantation, who in the event of my death could be converted into a chattel. But I do not wish all to know it just at present. I shall keep an account of their earnings from this time, but I wish to prepare them to use their freedom for their own best good; and if God restores my strength to teach them, this shall be the chief business of my life.”

“May we not tell Aunt Milly?” inquired Katy.

“Yes; Milly is prepared for any thing. It will comfort the poor old creature in her last days to know that she will die a free woman. Go and tell her as soon as you like.”

This was the happiest day that Grace and Katy had seen since their parents died. The serene, quiet joy of old Milly, as she said, “De Lord He is great, and his mercy endureth for ever! but I never expected no sich in *this* world,” affected them deeply, and it was with hearts brimming with thankfulness, that they

knelt down and thanked God for the great good that had come to that house.

"Could any thing make us happier than we are to-night?" said Grace to her teacher, as they gathered around the arm-chair of the invalid that evening, when the lamps were lighted.

"I don't know," answered Miss Ray, smiling, "here comes Ned from the post-office, with letters. We will see what they contain." She opened one addressed to herself in a rude and unfamiliar hand; and as she did so, a bank note and a flower fell from it. She picked up the flower; it was a moss-rose, not fully blown.

"It is one of Nanny's roses—I know it!" cried Miss Ray in delight, "and here is a five dollar bill. Scip has reached his home safely, and repaid me the money I gave him on the evening of his first disappearance from his master. After his discovery, he often bade me take it, but I refused. Now for the letter."

It was short, for Nanny and Scip were unpracticed writers, but full of affection, full of gladness, full of hope and simple child-like gratitude. Tears were in the eyes of all her

auditors, as Miss Ray finished reading, and aunt Warren could not sufficiently admire the good taste and fine sensibility manifested in the gift of the moss-rose.

Another letter was from Miss Ray's father, expressing a wish for her return home, and saying that the directors of the Female Seminary in the place where he resided, wished her to take charge of it, for a liberal compensation. "I would have you act as your best judgment dictates," wrote he, "but your mother misses your society sadly, and I think the new situation offered you is all that could be desired."

Of course Miss Ray decided to return; she had never anticipated a lengthened residence in the South; but Grace and Katy were so loth to part with her, that she suggested to Mr. Warren to allow them to accompany her, and complete their education under her superintendence. Both uncle and aunt Warren at first opposed her plan, but upon further reflection, they decided that it was for the girls' benefit, and yielded their consent. The schools in that part of the country offered but inferior advantages, and where would another governess like

Miss Ray be found? The girls themselves, although they had been happy at their uncle's, and were sorry to leave them, could not help being pleased with the thought of again visiting their native State, and seeing Mr. and Mrs. Townsend, and other kind friends. Then the idea of finishing their studies with Miss Ray was very tempting; and it was finally determined that they should return with her.

Uncle Warren himself accompanied them; but before they left the State, they visited their friends Philip and Nina. They found them in deep affliction. Their father had died, leaving his affairs much embarrassed by debt; and several of the servants had been sold to meet the demands of creditors.

"Oh, Grace!" exclaimed Nina, bursting into tears, "Those faithful old servants—some of whom I could remember when I was but a babe! And we could not save them! But do you know, Grace, that Philip has made up his mind, that when the remaining property comes into his possession he will clear it of every slave? Our mother does not object, for her friends live at the North, and she prefers to return to them. It will impoverish us; but

Philip will have a profession, and I shall teach school. Now what do you think of it."

Grace could scarcely answer through her tears, that she thought it a most humane and righteous scheme, and that God would surely bless it.

And now our story draws to a close. The sisters parted with their aunt with much affection, and with the servants, no longer slaves, with feelings of kindness and gratitude for their faithful services. The time for their return was not fixed, but was to depend upon the completion of their studies, so that Grace would probably return before her sister.

We will not stay to describe their journey, or their kind reception by friends in their native place, but transport them at once to Miss Ray's home, of which they were now to become members. They pursued their studies diligently, and in the fear of the Lord, and were beloved by their guardians and schoolmates. They had frequent letters from Warren Place, containing satisfactory accounts of the family, and the workings of freedom among them.

Uncle Warren never forgot the vows he made on that sick bed, when death seemed so near,

and the world so dim and worthless in his eyes. Of the errors of his past life, of the great sin that had shadowed it so darkly, he sincerely repented, hoping for forgiveness through the atoning sacrifice of Christ, and endeavoring to make what restitution lay in his power.

Few of his servants chose to leave him when informed of their freedom; most of them remained and served him better than formerly at fair wages. True, it was no small sacrifice in point of property, as those regard it who think property *can* be held in man; but his views on this matter were all changed; and satisfied that he had no *right* to the bodies and unpaid labor of his fellow-men, he felt a proud satisfaction in compensating them to the uttermost farthing.

He had his servants taught not only to read and write, but many useful occupations, such as would fit them to become industrious and useful members of society, when they should emigrate to a free country, as he desired to have them do in time. In these good works both Mr. and Mrs. Warren found rest and peace of mind, such as they had never known

before, and in blessing others were ‘themselves doubly blessed!’

My tale is ended. Would that any among its readers might be incited from it, first to make their own hearts right with God, and then to seek anxiously for the removal of all hindrances to the spread of His kingdom, making the Golden Rule their guide in all things, and “Remembering those which are in bonds as bound with them?”

